

The Academy and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

THE crisis in the bookbinding trade may be regarded as past. Four masters met four men—and talked. After a long discussion it was decided that the delegates of the employés should ask their societies to accept the arbitration of the Board of Trade. This is good news. A strike would have meant enforced idleness for over five thousand men and women. We have received 142 new books since our last issue. This year, as last, a noticeable feature of the gift book department has been the number of highly-priced, lavishly illustrated monographs on painters. It would seem that a limited edition of an art book, produced regardless of cost, is sure to be a remunerative investment to its producer. The volume on Hogarth is, we understand, already out of print. The fiction of the week can hardly be called important. We have received 14 novels, including a long story by the author of "Liza of Lambeth." From the books of the week we select the following as worthy of particular consideration:—

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By Austin Dobson.

This is the sixth volume in the new series of the "English Men of Letters." The volumes in preparation are Mr. Chesterton's "Browning," Canon Ainger's "Crabbe," Canon Beeching's "Jane Austen," Sir Leslie Stephen's "Hobbes," Mr. Birrell's "Sydney Smith," and Mr. Hirst's "Adam Smith." Mr. Dobson's book on Richardson is divided into seven chapters. The last is devoted to a General Estimate. "Richardson had," says Mr. Dobson, "all the traditional virtues of the 'Complete English Tradesman'; and had he died at fifty, would have deserved no better epitaph."

TOLSTOI AS A MAN AND ARTIST. By Dmitri Merejkowski.

Merejkowski is known to English readers as the author of "The Death of the Gods" and "The Forerunner." The present volume is a study and appreciation of Dostoevski, as well as of Tolstoi. The trend of the book may be gathered from the following passage: "Tolstoi and Dostoevski are the two great columns, standing apart in the propylaeum of the temple—parts facing each other, set over against each other in the edifice, incomplete and

still obscured by scaffolding, that temple of Russian religion which will be, I believe, the future religion of the whole world."

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By W. D. Howells.

Studies in such various subjects as "The man of Letters as a man of Business," "Summer Isles of Eden," and "A Circus in the Suburbs." But the essays have sufficient broad relation to each other to come properly under the general title of the book. There is no "superficial allegiance to any general motive," but the author considers that the reader will, in the retrospect, be aware of a certain allegiance. Mr. Howells says, "I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me literature and what seemed to me life. . . . I do not wish to part them, and in their union I have found, since I learned my letters, a joy in them both which I hope will last till I forget my letters."

AN ESSAY ON LAUGHTER. By James Sully.

A volume of over four hundred pages seems rather a heavy monument to erect to so light and elusive a subject as laughter. But laughter has many aspects, and Mr. Sully deals with it in connection "with our serious activities and interests." The first chapter was originally published in a review under the title, "Prolegomena to a Theory of Laughter." Some of the chapter headings read: "Theories of the Ludicrous," "The Laughter of Savages," "Laughter in Social Evolution." Mr. Sully dedicates his book "To my Children and my Pupils, in the hope that if they cultivate both brain and heart, and have a quick ear for the muffled moanings along the road, they may hear also, above the deeper music, the blithe notes of laughter."

MR. KRUGER's autobiography and General De Wet's "Three Years' War" have been running neck and neck, but Mr. Kruger's book will be in the hands of readers first: it is to be published on Monday; General De Wet's volume will be issued on December 1. "Three Years' War" promises to be full of go; the summary has the air of an adventure book. Thus: "The Wild Flight from Poplar Grove—Negotiations with the Enemy—Darkness proves my Salvation—I cut my way through 60,000 Troops."

15 November, 1902.

THE issue of "The Pilot" for last Saturday was its last; it makes its bow and retires. In his "Farewell," after reminding his readers that his object was to form a journal which, when it handled ecclesiastical affairs, it should judge them from the point of view of "convinced and liberal High Churchmanship," the editor says:—

In respect of the character and variety of its general contents, it was hoped that "The Pilot" might not fall behind the best of its contemporaries. We proposed to treat politics in a serious and independent temper, and to approach social problems with an open mind and a full sense of their importance. The literature and art of the day was to be criticised with care and sincerity, and some small place found for solid learning.

No reader of "The Pilot" is likely to say that Mr. Lathbury declined from his ideal: the pity is that too few readers were found for so excellent a journal. We have often had occasion to refer to "The Pilot" with appreciation, and its last number is quite good enough, we might have hoped, to have ensured it a paying public. But there seems no reason for the failure of many forms of sound journalistic enterprise. We shall miss "The Pilot." An expert in the various sides of literary journalism tells us that he always began Saturday morning by looking through the list of books wanted in the "Publishers Circular" and then proceeded to "The Pilot." He adds, "What the failure of 'The Pilot' means is that no weekly review priced at more than a penny can be established with a smaller capital than £30,000."

THE lecture which Mrs. Craigie has recently been delivering in Edinburgh and the provinces, entitled "The Artist's Life: Balzac, Brahms, and Turner," contained some characteristic and personal comment and criticism. Speaking of artists in general, she said: "They think more than there is to think, feel more than there is to feel, see more than there is to see." This concerning Balzac and the method of writing which he employed will hardly be universally accepted, but it embodies a point of view amply justified by the history of art:—

It was his habit to write three or four books at a time. This method, which has been and is followed by all great painters, is beyond question the right one. It is the one sure safeguard against veiled autobiography, which is the fatal danger to those who concentrate for too long a period on any one group of characters and any one particular set of scenes. Balzac's novels are, therefore, well balanced. They are always impersonal, always just, and in order to describe life one must shew, not merely a knowledge of men and the spirit of criticism, but a strong sense of justice.

Of Brahms, Mrs. Craigie said:—

Although I wish to put aside all personal tastes and prejudices, I may say that to me Brahms seems the Robert Browning among musicians. . . . His songs and his music—songs which once heard are unforgettable, and music which might almost be called a new utterance in its originality and strength and romantic passion—tell all that we need to know, and all that he wished us to know, of his soul.

BETWEEN Balzac and Turner Mrs. Craigie recognises a strong affinity—with justice, we think. Their methods of work were precisely alike: each absorbed all that he saw, and each, when the creative impulse came, expressed his observation with splendour or vitality. Turner's pictures "followed Balzac's definition of romance—splendid lies, but true in the details." In conclusion Mrs. Craigie said:—

I ask myself now whether, if a man were the master of his own fate, he would be, by choice, an artist? It is a question few could answer quickly. Perhaps, some might say that Balzac answered the question unconsciously in the piercing words: "It seems as though what is mere commonplace in the lives of all other men will ever be a dream of romance for me. I

shall never know ordinary happiness." I prefer to take his later statement: "Misfortune, which has true friends, is perhaps far better than blessings which are envied."

Art has friends. We have seen that when everything failed and went wrong, the least fortunate artist had faithful, tender friends, some known, some unknown. Browning, to whom I have compared Brahms, wrote:—

I have a friend across the sea
It all grew out of the books I write
They find such favour in his sight
That he slaughters you with savage looks,
Because you don't admire my books!

There is the artist's life—unending labour, supreme desolations infinite love.

A GREAT deal of anticipatory interest has been aroused by Mr. O'Connor's new journalistic venture. The first number of "T. P.'s Weekly" lies before us. There is always a certain amount of difficulty and uncertainty in the production of a first number, but it may at once be said that "T. P.'s Weekly" is bright, readable, and entertaining. It is rather fragmentary, but that will hardly be accounted a fault by the people who read in trains, and want varied entertainment. Mr. O'Connor is very much in evidence. He deals, in his characteristic way, with a "Book of the Week," he has a series of paragraphs under the heading "T. P. in his Anecdote," and he writes an article called "Literature the Consoler," which concludes: "And it is with the view and the hope that this journal will bring to many thousands a love of letters that I start it on its way." In answer to the question "What were the books of your boyhood?" Sir Leslie Stephen sends the following reply:—

The only books (other than "Robinson Crusoe," &c.) which I remember to have impressed me in early childhood are "A Story Without End," translated by Mrs. Austin from Carové, and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with Cruikshank's illustrations; but I remember the general impression rather than details. I loved them both. I also remember a book called, I think, the "Excitement" (i.e., I presume, to reading), mainly on account of an edifying narrative telling how a profane person was at last found dead by the roadside, with his hair standing on end, and also with his breeches on and his drawers off, to show who had done it.

This is Mr. St. Loe Strachey's answer:—

I am afraid I cannot honestly say that any child's book laid any sort of hold on me in childhood, though many have done so since. It sounds dreadfully priggish, but the books I remember affecting my mind in childhood, besides the Bible, are Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," all of which were read to me both by my nurse and my father. I can distinctly remember the effect on my mind of "Macbeth," "Lear," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "Paradise Lost," and the first and second parts of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The editor of the "Spectator" went into training early.

A VOLUME compiled by Estelle Davenport Adams, just issued by Mr. Grant Richards, entitled "This Life and the Next," is full of the best kind of serious utterance. Books of this sort have an inherent appeal to almost every class of reader; they bring together the balanced thought of the ages upon the two unsolvable mysteries. In her preface the compiler says: "It has especially been sought to record, where obtainable, the writers' latest comments upon Life as they had known it and Death as it presented itself to their imagination." Turning over the pages at random we chance upon this noble and familiar passage from Scott:—

I am drawing near the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous writer of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted.

A few days before his death Daudet said :—

When I look at life I do not find it banal, and just because it is not banal it interests me, and I observe it, and I like to put it in my books. I adore life because it is beautiful, because it is full of poetry and mystery, of seduction and fascination.

Robert Buchanan, who was often in revolt against things as they were, could write thus with sincere conviction :—

I dream'd when I began
I was not born to die,
And in my dream I ran
From shining sky to sky ;—
And still, now life grows cold
And I am grey and wan,
That infant's Dream I hold,
And end as I began.

Finally we may quote this passage from one of R. L. S.'s letters :—

Life is not all Beer and Skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of the day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it.

Mr. G. A. HENTY, through the medium of an interviewer, has been telling the readers of "Great Thoughts" how he writes, and why he writes. As to the "why" he said, "My object has been to teach history, and still more to encourage manly and straight living and feeling amongst boys." That is well enough—much better than the "how":—

When I have settled on a period in history I send to the London Library for ten books specially dealing with that period. I glance through them to see which gives me the kind of information I want, and then I sit down to write without any previous idea of what the story is going to be. It gradually builds itself up from its surroundings.

After that we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Henty dictates every word; by that means he finds he can "obtain larger, finer sentences."

THE articles now appearing in the "Morning Leader" under the heading "The Man in the Pulpit" have a freshness and personality not usually associated with such work. "Jadi," over whose signature the articles appear, has a tendency to floridity of style, and the opening of the most recent, dealing with the Archbishop of Canterbury, is over sentimental; but when he gets to the Archbishop and the sermon the thing reads well :—

The Rugby headmaster dominates the Archbishop. His extreme lucidity, his camaraderie, his absence of "side," his rough candour, his authoritative air—these are schoolmasterly traits. Withal, he reiterates his points, beats them in and in, until you wonder when he will be satisfied, and in the act of wondering you discover how thoroughly he has driven his argument into your mind.

And while the grim Old Lion rumbles out his dry practical wisdom, one cannot help reverencing his hard, aloof, precipitous character. As he stands there, with the mittens on his venerable frilled hands and the historic cross on his breast, the great head of a great Church, a great Past and a great Present and a great Future seem to meet and mingle.

That is distinctly above the level of halfpenny journalism.

THERE seems to be a deep-rooted idea that authors cannot look after their own affairs, particularly budding or

aspirant authors, who, as a rule, have no affairs to look after. There has recently been constituted an organisation known as "The Authors' Association"; its president is the Countess of Aberdeen, and its organising secretary Mr. Galloway Kyle. We cut the following from the Association's prospectus :—

"The Authors' Association" is neither a trading nor a philanthropic institution. It is an attempt to offer reliable, responsible, authoritative advice and criticism to beginners in literature and journalism; to afford the inexperienced the assistance of experience; to organise tentative efforts and direct misdirected and wasted energy; to protect and develop professional interests, and to be of general service to literary workers, especially to the isolated, the unimportant, and the amateur, and to introduce some order, coherence, co-operation, and uniformity into the chaotic and feebly individualistic state of the earlier stages of the literary profession.

That is a wide ambition, and we wish the association success. At the same time we must reiterate our belief that such associations can be of small service to letters. No association can supply experience, and experience is, after all, the only thing that turns the amateur into a professional. And the fostering of amateurs, though it has an air of kindness, is by no means a really sound policy. The Association's address is 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Mr. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, the *doyen* of American poets, who celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of his birth on Tuesday, published his first volume—"The Bells"—as far back as 1855, and five years ago gave his imprimatur to a complete edition of his works. The octave of the sonnet which Mr. William Watson, in the autumn of 1896, addressed to his "noble kinsman in the lyre" may appropriately be quoted to-day :—

Idle the churlish leagues 'twixt you and me,
Singer most rich in charms, most rich in grace!
What though I cannot see you face to face?
Allow my boast that one in blood are we!
One by that secret consanguinity
Which binds the children of melodious race,
And knows not the fortuities of place,
And cold interposition of the sea.

Mr. Aldrich told a visitor from this country who called upon him recently at his New England home that two ancestors of his are buried in Grantham Churchyard—"a Cromwellian, austere and smileless, and his sunny Southern wife," and that to each his nature owes a part.

We have as frontispiece to the new illustrated edition of "Aylwin" the familiar portrait of Mr. Watts-Dunton, this time in colours; the illustrations in the text are partly in colour and partly photographic; the former are hardly satisfactory. The author concludes his new preface with these words :—

For, really and truly, no man can paint another, but only himself, and what we call "character painting" is, at the best, but a poor mixing of painter and painted, a "third something" between the two; just as what we call colour and sound are born of the play of undulation upon organism.

That is true, but only in a strict and narrow sense. All depends upon two things: knowledge and the breadth and complexity of the individual mind. Shakespeare painted a hundred different men; that was because Shakespeare had innumerable points of contact with every phase of life.

THE Coronation Durbar at Delhi is to have its official historian in Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who wrote a biography of the late Amir of Afghanistan. But Mr. Wheeler's book is not likely to be the only one; we shall probably have more than the public will care to read. It should be quite easy to write dully about the Durbar. We may be sure, however, of some bright and effective work, for "Punch" is sending out Mr. Owen Seaman and Mr. E. T. Reed.

It is not often that we welcome cuttings from our own columns pasted down on the too familiar green press-cutting agents' slips; but we still find pleasure in two sentences from our review of Mr. Kipling's "Just-So Stories" because they are perfectly simple and true:—

Children like fun but they care little for it in books. An uncle on his hands and knees is worth all the written words of the humourists.

Their simplicity and truth no doubt account for the fact that they have gone the round of the provinces and are now reaching us from overseas.

"THE NEW AGE" has, at the request and cost of its readers, published in volume form certain poems which reached that journal from Capetown during the South African War. The volume is entitled "Songs of the Veld," and it bears no author's name. One set of verses is called "Miss Hobhouse"; from it we extract the following stanza:—

She faced the Terror free and fair—
Our Englishwoman, strong and brave.
It leapt upon her from its lair,
When there was none to save.

There are sixteen similar stanzas in the poem.

Bibliographical.

MR. STOFFORD BROOKE'S promised volume on William Morris will have more freshness and, one may say, more utility than those which he has written on Tennyson and Browning. Of Morris's prose and verse there is not much criticism extant in book form. The most comprehensive surveys of his verse were those taken by E. C. Stedman in his "Victorian Poets" (1875) and by Mr. H. B. Forman in his "Living Poets" (1871). In Mr. Swinburne's "Essays and Studies" (1875) will be found an article written in 1867 and dealing with "The Life and Death of Jason." In the course of this, the critic declares that "In all the noble roll of our poets there has been since Chaucer no second teller of tales, no second rhapsode comparable to the first, till the advent of this one." Up to 1867 Morris had published only "Jason" and "Guenvere." In a paper on D. G. Rossetti written in 1870, and also included in "Essays and Studies," Mr. Swinburne was able to allude to "The Earthly Paradise" in characteristic terms: "None can light as with fires or lull as with flutes of magic the reaches of so full a stream of story as flows round 'The Earthly Paradise' with ships of heroes afloat on it." On the whole, however, Morris (who of course figures in Mr. Miles's omnium-gatherum) has not proved particularly attractive to the more important literary critics.

In his new book on "Arthur Wing Pinero"—which is "a study," not a biography—Mr. Hamilton Fyfe includes what he calls a "bibliography" of Mr. Pinero's plays; in other words, a list of these plays, with titles, dates and places of production, and casts of the characters. I am not sure that this can properly be termed a "bibliography," for plays are not books until they are printed. Mr. Pinero,

of course, has printed many of his pieces, but there are many which still remain (so far as the public is concerned) in manuscript. Among these are "Two Hundred a Year," "Two Can Play at That Game," "Daisy's Escape," and "Bygones"; but these were the efforts of a 'prentice hand. More notable is it that Mr. Pinero has not printed "Imprudence," "The Squire," "Girls and Boys," "The Rector," "Lords and Commons," "The Rocket," "Low Water," "In Chancery," "The Ironmaster," and "Mayfair"—the two last-named being ignored, no doubt, because they are only adaptations from the French. Mr. Fyfe does not mention Mr. Pinero's "La Comète"—probably because it has never been performed in London. He also ignores Mr. Pinero's share in "The Beauty Stone" at the Savoy.

I find that the new shilling (net) "Byron" is, in most of its features, an old friend of mine. But for the paper cover, the addition of a preparatory "Notice," and the omission of the line-borders of the pages, it is identical with the edition of "Byron" on which I nourished my youthful intellect. "The Poetical Works of Lord Byron, Complete, New Edition, the Text carefully revised. With Portrait. London, John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1861"—such is the legend on the title-page of my first "Byron," which happily is still in my possession, though now the man of middle age cannot read the letterpress without his glasses. Though the plates are now old, the type is still wonderfully clear, and to young eyes will be quite decipherable. I regret the paper cover, with its surplusage of "B's" and coronets; but what can you expect for a shilling? My first "Byron" was bound in cloth and cost seven shillings. I hope Mr. Murray will soon be able to send out a comparatively cheap issue of the monumental edition of Byron's poems and letters which he has just brought (barring the index) to so successful a conclusion.

MR. GEORGE BARLOW, I see, is going to bring out a collected edition of his "poetical works," and I am not surprised to note that it is to be in ten volumes. I do not see how it could very well be in fewer. I calculate that Mr. Barlow's separate publications in verse run to at least eighteen volumes, not including his "Jesus of Nazareth," a tragedy in prose as well as verse, published in 1896. Nor do I include his part of the book called "A Sextet of Singers," which saw the light in the same year. Mr. Barlow seems to have begun operations in 1893, with a volume of sonnets called "A Life's Love." Next, apparently, came "An English Madonna" (published as the work of a "James Hinton") in 1874. "Marriage before Death and Other Poems" with "Through Death to Life," followed in 1878. In the 'eighties Mr. Barlow brought forth nine volumes of verse, including an epic called "The Pageant of Life"; in the 'nineties, only three. This last publication (1902) was a "Coronation Poem."

We are to have, it seems, a new translation of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius. Do we want one? We seem to get along very well with the versions by Meric Casaubon (1634), Jeremy Taylor (1701), and George Long (1848). Only two or three years ago Casaubon's was reprinted (modernized) in the "Bibelots" series; a year or two previously it was put among the "Temple Classics." Then, Collier's translation has figured of late in the "Camelot Classics" (revised by A. Zimmern), and also among Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books." As for Long's version, the editions are legion. There have been two, I think, this year, and there was one in 1900. The most modern version, so far, is that by G. H. Rendall (1809).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

James Martineau.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MARTINEAU. By James Drummond and C. B. Upton. 2 vols. (Nisbet. 30s. net.)

It is easy to see the difficulty in which the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, found himself, in undertaking this work. The material to his hand was immense: Martineau was a great letter-writer, and he lived a very long life. All his letters were worth preserving, and would seem to have been preserved; they were worth printing, and here accordingly we have them in print. There was no reason why one rather than another should be left out. But his life was strangely uneventful. There was no narrative of general human interest upon which to string the voluminous correspondence. Compare with this the case of Purcell's "Life of Manning"—a work teeming with inaccuracies and misunderstandings; that at least does hold one's attention. This book you open no matter where, and you find Dr. Martineau still beautifully saying in the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and on into the nineties, much the same thing in the same distinguished manner of pure and firm conviction. He never comes into the tide of events. He never intrigues, or changes his note, or worries about politics, or writes a novel, or criticises a play. The result of so many negatives is that the Life, conscientiously as in reality it is put together, is (let us say) long. Dr. Drummond has done so little to help us to focus our imagination upon the venerable old man who for the greater part of a century was a force in English thought, and to thousands of souls the one prophet of religion pure and undefiled. Mr. Upton's critical examination of his writings, which constitutes Book II. of the present work, has a far more human interest. Any vivid impression we receive is reflected from the pages in which, with the diligence of a Beloved Disciple, he renders to us his Master's thought.

It seems hardly worth while to epitomise in these columns the gentle floatings of his outward life. He was not indeed tied to one place or to one sphere of activity; but in Manchester, in London, in Berlin, he was the same man engaged with like serious thought, delivering his soul generously of the best that it conceived. His outlook was, if one may say so, inwards; and when he had once shaken off the necessitarianism that trammelled his earliest years, he rested to the end confident and courageous in the sense of freedom to will the will of God. He could afford to regard with placid interest, and not with alarm, the changing aspect of the field on which rages the fight between Catholic and Protestant, between tradition and criticism. He denied the right of a body that, having like the Roman Catholic Church founded its claim upon the probabilities of rational evidence, would withdraw its dogmas from the scrutiny of reason; he declared, on the other hand, that "with all their boasting not a book exists of which Protestants are so much afraid as the Bible." These aspects of Christianity are for him equally "pervaded by the spirit of persecution." Early in his career he defended the thesis that the Gospel is a "system of perfect rationalism." To him, as to Newman, the existence of God was a luminous self-evident fact. He found Him immanent and active both in the inorganic and in the organic world. The intellectual creature the Creator takes into His august confidence; and in man's rational, aesthetic, moral, and spiritual nature is made an immediate but progressive revelation of the Divine presence and character. Thus man, he would point out, is religious long before he is philosophical. If called upon for a philosophical account of his conviction he bases it

on Conscience, revealing a law. That cannot, to his thinking, proceed but from another person; for "over a free and living person nothing short of a free and living person can have higher authority." As to the great *crux* which has baffled the ingenuity of so many generations—the origin of evil—we are reminded in "A Study of Religion," says Mr. Upton, that—

it is inconceivable that even the Eternal God could fashion a universe which should not be conditioned by mathematical necessities, or one in which the laws of nature, which must be uniform and constant if science and morality are to exist, should not, when enacted, form self-imposed limitations upon God's own possibilities.

The same consideration applies, of course, to the case of Moral Evil which could not be eliminated without at the same time eliminating that inter-personal and moral relation between God and his rational offspring which both Kant and Dr. Martineau and Prof. John Fiske have conclusively shown to constitute the ultimate and infinitely precious end for the sake of realising which the whole course of physical and psychical evolution has sprung into existence out of the causality and love of the Eternal.

And thinking thus of God, what thinks he of Christ? In a word—a beautiful word of his own: "It is the very spirit of Deity visible on the scale of humanity. The colours of his mind, projected on the surface of infinitude, form there the all-perfect God." To F. W. Newman he wrote:—

Jesus appears to me the highest of realities. It is easy, in mere imagination, now, to improve upon that reality, by withdrawing the intellectual limitations and reproducing the conception he has left us in the latitude and under the conditions of modern thought. But every departure from Him, as the essential Type of spiritual perfection, seems to me a declension to something lower.

The criticism which pretends to break down the historical value of the Gospels he welcomed as a setting free of that opalescent character from its matrix:—

For my own part, I can truly say that my reverent appreciation of the personality of Jesus, and the spirit of his life, has risen concurrently with the discharge, by critical process, of a mass of traditional adhesions investing and obscuring the unique and simple figure of himself; and I feel entire trust that other minds, conducted through the same process, will find the same experience.

It follows from this view of the Founder of Christianity—a noble view, however limited by comparison with that which for so many centuries the Church has demanded of such as claim to be her children—that he whose choice it was showed an almost morbid repugnance to anything like "confessionalism." The trivialities of the Lambeth Opinion "filled him with despair of ecclesiastical Christendom." The Broad Church attitude disgusted him: he discerned in it a consciousness of radical insincerity. He would admit no compromise with mythology—he uses the word in a letter to Matthew Arnold. He was shy of any credal definition which would bind those of the Unitarian persuasion into the semblance, however remote, of a dogmatic body. "The real disciple, who is caught up and transformed by the spirit of the Master," he said, "receives his regeneration from a few divinely cleansing words—a beatitude here, a parable there, a cry of prayer beneath the midnight sky—which lay open his intimate communion with the Father of spirits." The whole structure based upon the Divine Incarnation and the mediatorial character of the Word made flesh was to him mythology—a mythology that ran counter to his intuitive sense of the Godhead and a hateful degradation of the divine character.

In whatever measure one may differ from him, however convinced one may be, or another, that the whole truth was not revealed to him, none may deny his spirit of passionate sincerity; and the most highly favoured of philosophic contemplatives might envy him the assurance with which, in his seeing, he saw things whole.

Hogarth's Unpopularity.

WILLIAM HOGARTH. By Austin Dobson. With an Introduction by Sir Walter Armstrong. (Heinemann. 5 guineas.)

THE publication of this splendid volume, let us hope, will mark authoritatively to the English reader the position William Hogarth holds as the first great English Master to arrive in the eighteenth century, and will help to lead to the revival of an artist whose technical powers have long been systematically undervalued owing to a combination of fortuitous causes and hostile influences. We have to thank the publisher for the happy inspiration which has led to the re-issue of Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable "Life," illustrated by a number of plates which, despite the modern air communicated by the photogravure process, allow Hogarth's art to be more thoroughly represented than in any of the editions of the last seventy years. We have also to thank Sir Walter Armstrong for a noteworthy though all too slight essay on Hogarth's art. Would that he had seen his way to do for Hogarth's paintings what Mr. Austin Dobson has done for his "life and times." The work of tracing out, examining and classifying all the numerous Hogarths scattered throughout the private collections would be an invaluable but formidable task, and we cannot quarrel with Sir Walter Armstrong for only having added some valuable general criticism on Hogarth to the body of appreciations advanced by the more acute of the critics, such as Mr. Sidney Colvin, since the 'seventies. Sir Walter Armstrong's attitude may be indicated by the following passage:—

I call Hogarth a creator of beauty, and claim for his pictures that, considered entirely apart from their external purpose, they have the rhythm, concentration and balanced action which lead to aesthetic unity. Putting it shortly, he has excelled all other painters in the difficult task of thinking out dramatic pictures, pictures of subjects not essentially pictorial in terms of art, so that the artist who looks at design, at colour, at chiaroscuro, at the march of the painter's brush, can vie in admiration with the layman, who cares for none of these things, but confines his interest to the adventures of Lady Squanderfield or poor Kate Hackabout. I have already mentioned Jan Steen. He at his best seems to come nearer to Hogarth than anyone else. . . . But even the great if roysterous Jan falls short of Hogarth, as a master of grace.

The curious position Hogarth holds in the public mind of to-day—as opposed to the critical mind—is indeed most ambiguous. But this is easily accounted for. First, the changes in popular taste, feeling and outlook since Hogarth's death in 1764, have in the main tended to introduce social ideals which are affrighted by the plain speaking of his robust art. The great popular movement toward social gentility and "refinement" has been hard equally on the two great masters of Realism—Fielding and Hogarth. Secondly, the satiric element in Hogarth's creations from the hour of birth has been laid stress upon by the literary men and the world generally, almost to the exclusion of their pure artistic qualities. Thirdly, the trend of English art since Rowlandson's time has been towards the "Poetic," the "Idealistic," the "Pretty," as a glance round the National Gallery or a visit to the Tate Gallery will demonstrate. Lastly, public attention has been so fixed on Hogarth engravings that his pictures have been treated as productions of secondary or little importance. (We may note a certain change of tone in this respect, in Mr. Austin Dobson's early and later writings on Hogarth.) Again, Hogarth's unfortunate attempts at the "sublime style," the mass and variety of his hack work, his quarrels with the eighteenth century "cognoscenti," all this has helped to obscure his position as a great English master.

Of all the causes militating against Hogarth's popularity and influence, the first we have cited—the popular movement towards gentility and "refinement"—is undoubtedly

the most potent. The Englishman of the mid-century was in process of sloughing off the Georgian skin beneath his Victorian clothes. Byronism and Walter Scott freed him from eighteenth century formalism, the Lake poets helped his soul to grow, and the main movement in art and literature that followed, in tone and temper, in spirit and outlook, was shot through and through with idealism. In the most popular realistic pictures of Victorian life—as Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank—we see realism and romanticism and idealism inextricably mixed. The Englishman was still a little "gross," and liked the honest vulgarity of "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," but in "culture" Tennyson and Mrs. Browning were to win the battle against the Trollopes. The "refining" movement in art was, however, disastrous. Throughout the century the example of the great Dutch realists was consistently deprecated, even contemptuously ignored in favour of a pseudo-romanticism, a sham orientalism, a common "genteel" prettiness. Constable's splendid art was sneered at by the sapient Academicians, and the result of this popular idealism is set forth thus in "The National Gallery Catalogue of 1888":—

Deceased Masters of the Eighteenth Century in order of date.

Hogarth.
Scott.
Wilson.
Reynolds.
Gainsborough
Wright.
Romney.

Deceased Masters of the Nineteenth Century in order of date.

Creswick.
Macrise.
Müller.
Egg.
Ward.
Seddon.
Lawson.

In popular favour, therefore, Hogarth steadily declined throughout the century. The average Victorian "cultured" attitude towards him is perhaps well hit off by a passage from Mrs. Oliphant, which Mr. Austin Dobson prints in his "Bibliography": "Before his pictures the vulgar laugh, and the serious spectator holds his peace, gazing often with eyes awe-stricken at the wonderful unimpassioned tragedy. But never a tear comes at Hogarth's call. It is his sentence of everlasting expulsion from the highest heaven of art." This delicious sentence is evidence of the fact that when woman arrived triumphantly in the mild fields of Victorian art, she gently, even reverently relegated Hogarth the moralist to the top shelf. And Hogarth, in the popular mind, is on the top shelf to-day. It is useless to deny it. Apart from two editions of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Life," there is absolutely no modern edition of Hogarth's works where the prints given are not a travesty of the original. In the words of an old cottager, who on being asked why he had hidden some torn prints of the "Marriage A-la-Mode" under his bed, replied: "Well, sir, me and Mrs. 'All thought as how they was 'ardly respectable,"—Hogarth is 'ardly respectable. One half of Society keeps him to-day on the top shelf, and the other half keep him "under the bed."

The time, however, has now surely come when this ambiguous, this ill-defined position that Hogarth holds, that of "a classic in retirement" should be shifted, and the average educated man should be taught to be ashamed of the super gentility that in Charles Lamb's day looked upon Hogarth as "low and vulgar," and in our case calls him "coarse and old-fashioned." That time of transition when the great artists are neglected, when their style is accounted to them as a sin, when they are charged severely with having the force of their qualities, times when "superior" people bowdlerize Chaucer, Shakespeare, Hogarth in turn, and do not study them to determine what their art is, or what their age was, that time of transition will pass for Hogarth when we learn to look at him as the one great artist of early Georgian England, when we treat him less as a satirist working through the medium of pictorial art than as a great creator in art working through the medium of satire. The general

public, of course, will never concern itself with the artist's treatment of a subject, but with the subject alone. Thus the average young lady, to-morrow as to-day, looking, say, at the brewers in "Beer Street," will miss the marvellous breadth and ease of the drawing, the rich humour, the masterly composition—in fact, the whole aesthetic charm of the plate; she will feel vaguely, "What fat, repulsive men!" how unlike "Love and Life" or "The Golden Staircase." Nevertheless time brings his revenges, and it is almost time that Burlington House should bestir itself, and bring together in a Winter Exhibition those old English masters it has left to slumber for nearly two generations. According to Mr. Austin Dobson, Hogarth's pictures have been only twice brought together, in 1814 and in 1862. That there are a great many of his pictures unlocated, we must infer from Mr. Austin Dobson's list of "Paintings of Uncertain Date," where references to auction sales in the early part of the century are frequently given, with no after reference added. That Hogarth's portrait painting has still surprises in store for many, a critic may be judged from the splendid "Portrait of Sarah Malcolm," exhibited at the Guildhall Exhibition of the current year. In the judgment of the present writer, no other portrait in the Exhibition approached it for that combined freedom and power of style which is found in all the great portrait painters. The engravings, in the present volume, of various little-known Hogarths, pictures only known to the connoisseur, will surely give an impetus to other owners to bring to public light their own treasures. The seventy-five photogravures of this edition of the "Life" vary curiously in quality; the printing of some is too dark. For example, the liquid delicacy of the boy's mouth in the picture of Hogarth's Servants, in the National Gallery, is not rendered at all in the plate given.

To conclude as we began—we trust that Sir Walter Armstrong's essay will cause increasing attention to be given to one of our few great artists who are really national figures, English of the English, men in whose art is concentrated so much of the sturdy characteristics and mental fibre of the race. Foreign critics claim that Hogarth's art is entirely unique, and it must certainly be admitted that if France or Germany had produced him he would long ago have been placed in that proud, secure position which the latter-day English have been too dull to claim for him.

Masquerade.

ROCHESTER AND OTHER LITERARY RAKES OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II. By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." (Longmans. 16s.)

This volume consists of a series of interesting and on the whole well-selected notes; we can hardly call it a book. The author's handling is too uncertain, his touch too tentative, to give to his work the flavour of literature. He knows his period, but he does not reconstruct it for us with any imaginative insight. His people do not take their places easily and simply in the picture; rather they are scattered abroad like decorations on a screen. And we are continually annoyed by the author's tone of apology; some particular story "it would not be proper to repeat," a set of verses is too indecent for quotation, and so on. Then why name these things? The matter is either important or unimportant; if important, the quotation should be given, if unimportant, it should not be referred to. This kind of fumbling writing creates an atmosphere which tends to destroy historical belief and perspective; we feel that the author distrusts either himself or his readers.

The author does not attempt to make any apology for these ruffling, hard-drinking, light-living, and entirely irresponsible gentlemen of the court of Charles II. Indeed, no effective apology could be made; the reaction of the

Restoration was bound to produce a certain amount of license, but Rochester, Etheredge, Killigrew, and a score of others reduced license to a preposterous farce and weariness. Their wickedness lost even the charm of buoyancy; it became a habit that imposed fetters as unrelenting as the fetters of the righteousness which it flouted and despised. It became a pose, so that at last we come to feel that the world in which these men lived was hardly a real world at all. Their hold upon actuality was of the slightest; they played with life until life became a shadow; its essentials eluded them; some of them at least were more like children in the dark than men who had faced circumstance and fact. When Rochester was near his end he wrote to Dr. Burnett:—

My spirits and body decay so equally together, that I shall write you a letter, as weak as I am in person. I begin to value Churchmen above all men in the world, &c. If God be yet pleased to spare me longer in this world, I hope in your conversation to be exalted to that degree of piety, that the world may see how much I abhor what I so long loved, and how much I glory in repentance and in God's service.

We need not question the sincerity of this, but it scarcely makes us think better of its writer; it has little manliness, little real perception. The fact is that although Rochester was a great sinner he was by no means a strong one; he was always for intrigue and the back stairs. Once, it is true, he abducted an heiress, but the King saved her—the kind of rescue which must have appealed to a humour far more human and sincere than Rochester's. For that escapade he was temporarily disgraced, but the abducted lady subsequently thought it wise to marry with consent the man who had hired ruffians to carry her off without. Rochester, at this time, was a boy of seventeen; at eighteen he had worn out such pluck as he possessed. He served with some distinction in two expeditions against the Dutch, on one occasion carrying in a small boat and under a heavy fire a message from Sir Edward Spragge to a muddling captain. For this let Rochester have full praise; his courage never reached white heat, or indeed any heat, again. When he supposed himself to have been insulted by Dryden in a satire which Dryden did not write he hired three "Black Wills" to waylay him. "Last night," said a contemporary news-sheet, "Mr. Dryden, the famous poet, going from a coffee-house in Covent Garden, was set upon by three persons unknown to him, and so rudely by them handled, that, as it is said, his life is in no small danger." Dryden did not retaliate; he at least had some sense of dignity.

Of Rochester's friends, the "other literary rakes" of this volume, not much need be said. Rochester was typical of them all. He could not write plays with Etheredge, but he had a neater trick of satire and was an even worse lampoonist. We get glimpses of Buckingham, Savile, Sedley, Buckhurst, de Grammont, St. Evremond, Roscommon, and with them we see those light though by no means altogether brainless women who made the court of Charles II. what it was. At that court many clever things were said, few honourable ones were ever done; the king himself, in such a medley of inconsequence and brilliance, of dancing and satiety, appears almost reputable beside his favourites. He was sometimes sane, he was sometimes kind, he was sometimes a gentleman. Rochester raced through life with hardly a serious thought; you will find in his verse verbal cleverness and even distinction of expression, but no true hint of the things that matter; he was as inconstant to his mistresses as to his wife; he was constant only to a tyrannous passion for pleasure which killed him at thirty-two. During five of those years he admitted that he was always drunk, and when death came it found him—repentant.

It is rather a pity that the author of this volume does not indicate the deeper and sounder currents of the national life during the period which his narrative covers. The

contrast would have strengthened the book and given it coherence and a more definite point of view. As it is we rise from its perusal with a sense of nausea and bewilderment, and have to remind ourselves that even when the court of Charles II. was at its worst a greater England was in the making.

Books of Verse.

THE CRIER BY NIGHT: A PLAY IN ONE ACT. By Gordon Bottomley. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

From amongst a dozen volumes of verse we have found but one which seems to us to justify any serious notice. Some of the others are strange examples of the kind of verse which somehow slips into print. It has long been noted that the most brilliant comic writers, when they attempt serious verse, are utterly deserted by their sense of humour. The illustrious comic dramatist of the Restoration, with his Silence sitting upon "an ancient sigh," which was "purposely annihilated for his throne," is an historic example. This must explain how an American, belonging to a nation of "humourists," could write such bathos as this:—

The soul of the thing is its thought; the charm of the act is the actor;
The soul of the fact is its truth, and the Now is the principal factor.
The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all assumptions with rigor.

An equally unconscious English humourist runs him close, in a less subtle vein, with a ballad which "wholly consists of lines like these":—

Sir Redvers' tells the tidings! Advises brave Sir White—
Who confident still stands his ground, and holds positions tight.

Mr. Henley Dale, however, belongs to another region than these singular productions. He is hardly of first-rate quality, and he has been ill-advised to put in the forefront of his "Songs and Lyrics" (Constable) the lyrics, for which he has no special gift. But in graver forms he shows a very fair capacity.

But the book to which we would especially call attention is Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Crier by Night." It is in many ways a singular poem. Though the stage-directions seem to imply it is designed for the stage, we cannot conceive its being effective as a play. In its whole style and conception it is a direct imitation of Mr. W. B. Yeats. One can even name the play of Mr. Yeats's that has suggested it—"The Land of Heart's Desire." And yet, despite all this, there is in it a strong originality—originality in expression, originality even in conception—though that may seem a contradiction. It is very simple; an Irish thrall in the hands of a Northern couple, of whom the wife is a fiendish tyrant, while with the husband, who befriends her, the girl-serv is in love. A demoniacal visitant (the "Crier by Night" of the title) approaches the hut at midnight, and the thrall sells her soul to him in return for the death of the man; that she may have vengeance on the wife, and secure the husband to herself in the other world. The originality lies in the details and working-out of the conception. There is not a human character in the poem: the wife is a mere she-devil, the man a lay-figure, the girl half of the other world. Yet it is strangely impressive: one feels the sorcery. The poetry is sombrely strong, and has caught the spirit of Celtic legend with fidelity:—

We are the tears that God wipes from His eyes.

I must follow him

Past where the imaged moon shakes like a soul
Pausing in death between two unknown worlds.

Under each dark grey lash a long tear slid
Like rain in a wild rose's shadowy curve
Bowed in the wind about the morning twilight.

Such are a few of the detachable lines in it. But no quotation will convey the power of the poem.

Though its style follows Mr. Yeats so closely, and catches something of his poetic quality, its essential quality is darker, sterner, more grimly suggestive than his. A wild and morbid preternaturalism informs the brief drama, which certainly gives promise that Mr. Bottomley has it in him to work out a distinctive vein of his own. At present he has too much of Mr. Yeats's manner to get full credit for that in him which is himself.

A Hindoo Explorer.

JOURNEY TO LHASA AND CENTRAL TIBET. By Sarat Chandra Das. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)

SARAT CHANDRA DAS journeyed to Lhasa and Central Tibet under rather different auspices from those controlling the adventurous enterprise of Mr. Savage Landor. But despite the fact that the author "bade a long farewell to his native land with but faint hope of ever seeing it again," it is at once reasonably obvious, thanks to the elaborate precautions adopted, that his life will never seriously be in danger, and that anything in the nature of "hideous torture" is remote. Sarat Chandra Das was born in Bengal in 1849, in a Hindoo family of medical caste. Previous to this journey of 1881, now under consideration, he had made short incursions into Tibet and published his reports; and this may account for the present want of local colour, which would be regarded as unnecessary repetition. To ensure his safety, he took with him, as companions, those who were familiar with the districts to be traversed, and he made himself thoroughly conversant with the language; his passports, too, were shrewdly drafted, and covered every conceivable contingency. In addition, he had powerful friends in the interior; but above all, he possessed tact, and for the rest he was a Hindoo, registered as a student of theology in the grand monastery of Tibet. Thus prepared, all that was necessary was endurance, which he possessed in no great measure, and largely supplemented by frequent and prolonged rides on the back of his faithful servant Phurchung. The veil of mystery has rested so long over Tibet, that there is inevitable disappointment when it is raised. One gets glimpses of monasteries galore, and priests of easy virtue; a land hating European progress and the aggressive frontier policy of Russia and India; a land of small-pox and dreary beyond belief. No doubt a European covering the same route would have noted much that an Oriental, accustomed to priestcraft and medicine-men, mythical jargon and symbolism, takes for granted: in the same way that the Londoners' London is not London as it appears to alien eyes.

Nevertheless, this record, which has rested for twenty years in the pigeon-holes of the India Office, remains the most authentic account of Tibet now extant. Of the author himself it must be said that he is no self-advertiser, no poseur; one gets the impression of a shrewd observer, remarkably well-informed, a man of courage and resource. When suffering from raging fever, and given over to the preposterous incantations of the local doctors, he cheerfully bowed to their prejudices and swallowed their ridiculous brews. We have said that the descriptions of the land are not very vivid, though no doubt they are accurate enough. But the general reader will take more interest in the customs and laws of this strange land. These will be found in special chapters. The marriage laws would be very complicated for the husband were it not for the fact that he has the privilege of killing his wife for "the usual fine," providing he pays the funeral expenses. The funeral rites are peculiar, and deserve to be given in some detail. In every cemetery there is a large slab of stone,

which the corpse, stripped, is placed face downwards. The officiating lama then cuts it in pieces. The pieces are flung to the vultures. Last of all the head of the corpse is crushed, and the bones pounded together. The cutting up and distributing of a corpse is a practical illustration of the Tibetan belief that charity is the highest of all moral virtues.

Good Fun.

SECOND STRINGS. By A. D. Godley. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

MR. GODLEY is as agreeable a writer of humorous verse as we now have. He has not Mr. Owen Seaman's wit and chiselled distinction of form (he can rhyme "diplomas" and "roamers"), but he has a drop more of human kindness than that caustic satirist, and is therefore more intimately companionable. But his work has this failing to the world at large: it is almost exclusively concerned with the University spirit. If you have not been to Oxford Mr. Godley loses much of his charm. Not all, by any means; but he is, when all is said, a parochial poet, albeit a distinguished one. Moreover, to a reader without a knowledge of Oxford politics and the interest in Oxford which one cannot feel unless one is an Oxford man, Mr. Godley is often obscure. Not only his matter but his metre is of the Alma Mater. Three at least of the pieces are written in the metre of the following stanzas from two different poems:—

While drones the conscientious Don
Of Latin Prose, of Human Will,
Of Aristotle and of John
Stuart Mill.

* * * * *

All in the dim primeval Past
When stalked Britannia's soil upon
The Dinosaurus and the Mast-
odon.

Nothing but University rhymesters keep alive this detestable measure. It is not musical, it is not progressive; it simply exists in order that poets from the Isis and the Cam may show how dexterous they are. Mr. Godley fortunately has other metres that are musical and do progress. In fact, there seems to be no metre that he cannot handleskilfully. We quote from some of the least academically restrained and more genial of his verses:—

Place me somewhere in the Valais, 'mid the mountains
west of Binn,
West of Binn and east of Savoy, in a decent kind of inn,
With a peak or two for climbing, and a glacier to explore,
Any mountains will content me, though they've all been
climbed before—

Yes! I care not any more
Though they've all been done before,
And the names they keep in bottles may be numbered by
the score!

Though the hand of Time be heavy: though your ancient
comrades fail:
Though the mountains you ascended be accessible by rail:
Though your nerve begin to weaken, and you're gouty
grown and fat,
And prefer to walk in places which are reasonably flat—

Though you grow so very fat
That you climb the Gorner Grat,
Or perhaps the Little Scheideck,—and are rather proud
of that:

Yet I hope that till you die
You will annually sigh
For a vision of the Valais and the higher, purer air,
And the true delight of living, as you taste it only there!

"Second Strings" is a very clever book. It makes us wish that Mr. Godley would emerge from the Common-room a little more and satirize on a wider scale. But perhaps Oxford men think differently, and certainly they at any rate will derive immense entertainment from Mr. Godley's new verses.

Other New Books.

ARTHUR WING PINERO: PLAYWRIGHT. By H. Hamilton Fyfe. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

MR. FYFE's study of Mr. Pinero is critical and frank. We do not always agree with him, but we never find ourselves in violent opposition to his conclusions; he has avoided the kind of unqualified panegyric which is too common in books of the sort, and he has very properly considered the plays both as acting and reading drama. We need not linger over the few biographical details set before us. Mr. Pinero had to make his way, and he made it with less difficulty than most men who have taken their own line in life.

Mr. Fyfe divides Mr. Pinero's work into sections—his early efforts, represented by such trifles as "Daisy's Escape"; farce, which includes "Dandy Dick" and "The Magistrate"; sentiment, of which "Sweet Lavender" was perhaps the prettiest and certainly the most popular example; satire, and what Mr. Fyfe calls "Serious Intent," the latter being represented by such plays as "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mr. Fyfe very rightly considers that the conventional ending given to "The Profligate" seriously injured the play: indeed, it was pretty obvious that such a conclusion was foreign to the scheme of the drama,—a mere sop to the people who insist on having their plays divorced from life. We cannot so readily accept Mr. Fyfe's judgment on "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray", and "The Gay Lord Quex"; we could never quite believe in Paula and Audrey Tanqueray, and if "The Gay Lord Quex" was merely satire it was very bad satire indeed. But, as we have said, Mr. Fyfe's book is a well-reasoned effort to "place" Mr. Pinero, and on the whole it is successful. Granted that such a book was wanted it was wise to put it into the hands of a capable writer who was able to bring a trained critical intelligence to the task.

A BOOK OF BRITISH SONGS, FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. Edited and Arranged with full Accompaniments by Cecil J. Sharp. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a very excellent musical selection, which should soon win popularity, not only for school, but also for general use. It is divided into National, Soldiers' and Sailors', Country, Humorous, Old English, and Old Scottish songs. The editor has chosen songs which have proved their possession of back-bone by long survival; and they are, moreover, songs of the hearty and simple quality dear to English people. Many of them are songs for which we should look in vain in any ordinary collection. The "Derby Ram," for instance, is a song familiar to Macaulay's schoolboy; but even that youth might find some difficulty in laying his hands on the music of it. "Twankydillo," again, is a song long famous among blacksmiths, and most people have heard or read the quaint words; but in no ordinary collection have we before come across the music. The same may be said of a variety of songs in this book. The notes often contain interesting matter. Everyone must have wondered what was the meaning of the singular chorus of "Twankydillo":—

A roaring pair of bagpipes
Made of the green willow.

It appears that it is a corruption of "blowpipes bound round with green willow." Such is the explanation given in "English County Songs," from which (like many others in this book) it is taken. The note on the "Men of Harlech" gives a quaint saying of the one-time Welsh governor of Harlech Castle. "I held a castle in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it; and now I will hold this place till all the old women in France hear of it." Since Harlech was impregnable, he probably did,

THE COURTSHIP OF FERB. Translated by A. H. Leahy. (David Nutt. 2s. net.)

This is the first volume of the "Irish Saga Library," and consists of a translation of an old Irish romance transcribed in the twelfth century into the Book of Leinster. But its actual date is much earlier than the twelfth century; it is one of the *cante fable* of which the translator says that they are "literally centuries older than any other European examples of this style of writing." In the version here given the verse is translated as verse and the prose as prose; but for the satisfaction of such readers as distrust verse translations a literal rendering of the metrical passages is supplied at the end of the volume.

The story tells how in the Heroic Age in Ireland Māni, the son of Alill, desired to wed Ferb, the daughter of Gerg, and we hear of how the wedding guests departed from Croghan and the events which followed their arrival at Rath Ini. The narrative is full of prophecy and slaughter, and the suggestion of remote and sinister romance. The prose strikes us as better than the verse, though both move easily. In justice to an earlier translator it must be added that the present rendering is made from Prof. Windisch's German translation of the story.

SPECIMENS OF MIDDLE SCOTS. By G. Gregory Smith. (Blackwood.)

MR. GREGORY SMITH'S "specimens" are drawn partly from the great Scottish miscellanies of the sixteenth century, such as the Ballantyne and the Maitland manuscripts, partly from early printed sources. They extend from Henryson to James VI. They are chosen to be representative and for linguistic rather than for literary study; otherwise one would perhaps have called out for more Dunbar and Alexander Scott. Even as it stands, apart from its value to the scholar, the volume will serve the general reader as a convenient companion to Mr. T. F. Henderson's excellent history of "Scottish Vernacular Literature." Mr. Gregory Smith's competence as an editor is beyond question, and he provides all the necessary apparatus of a glossary, philological and grammatical introduction, and a bibliographical account of the manuscript collections so invaluable for the period. A section on metre would have been a useful addition. "Middle Scots" is explained as a term for "the literary language of Scotland written between the latter half of the fifteenth century and the early decades of the seventeenth." It is in this period that literary Scots and literary English are first to be differentiated. Early Scots, the tongue of Barbour and of James I., is merely Northern English. "The spoken and written dialect north of the Tweed is identical with the dialect written and spoken in Northern England down to the Humber."

THE AUTOLYCUS OF THE BOOKSTALLS. By Walter Jerrold. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a pleasant, intimate little volume which should give a fillip to the memory of any man who really loves his books. It is a book to be read amongst books, so that the eye may be lifted at intervals from the printed page to range over the shelves which contain one's own treasures. Book-hunting is the most delightful occupation in the world, provided the pocket be not too well equipped; Charles Lamb proved that long ago. And Mr. Jerrold has the true book-lover's instinct; he has that quite human affection for a library which can never be acquired; he handles his books, you are sure, with reverence.

These twenty odd papers deal with "finds" of wide variety; we have not discovered that the author ever picked up for a few pence books which were worth many pounds—such luck is rare nowadays, and it involves an ethical question which has only recently been seriously considered; but the "finds" recorded were all of some

value to the man of letters; autograph copies, first or early editions, sets, all secured for a few shillings. Burnet's "Life and Death of Rochester" (1680), bought in Aldgate for a halfpenny, was a find over which many of us would have rejoiced, and hardly less gladly should we have secured for a trifle that so-called life of Cromwell, the "Flagellum," printed for Randal Taylor, "to be Sold at his Shop at the Signe of the Crown in Little Britain," in 1672. We cannot follow Mr. Jerrold through the tour of his book-shelves, but we recommend any reader with an affection for old calf and gossip to take him for a guide. It is always pleasant to come across a writer who can convince us that he really loves books for their own sake, and Mr. Jerrold does convince us.

OUTLOOK ODES. By T. W. H. Crosland. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

This little book, to be effective, should have been published some months ago. The prosperity of such a jest depends wholly upon its timeliness. Week by week in the "Outlook" Mr. Crosland's unrhymed and uneven lengths of saturnine criticism were good reading—a kind of sauce piquante to the rest of the paper. But in a book, some months after their original appearance, they are less flavoursome, and the topical savour having departed, we ask ourselves why there is no metre, why no rhyme. This is not true of all the odes, for some have universal application; but shrewd and biting as their author is, we doubt if the book was worth publishing now.

Books about animals, when they are reasonably well done, are always entertaining, and "Who's Who at the Zoo" (Gay and Bird), by L. Beatrice Thompson, succeeds in being entertaining. Both text and illustrations are by an art student who has intelligence and observation; on the whole, the text is the more interesting, though some of the drawings have distinct character.

In "That Game of Golf" (Simpkin) we have a series of sketches from "Punch." The first only deals with golf, the others include "Our Theatricals," "The Biking of Maria," and so on. In this case Mr. Tom Browne's illustrations amuse us more than the text.

Mr. Compton Reade's book on "The Smith Family" (Elliot Stock) has arrived, and it is not very alarming after all. In size it is quite modest, but we suspect that there will be heartburnings amongst the unmentioned families of the great Smith clan. We cannot find, however, that any literary Smiths of any importance have been omitted. The volume is packed with concise information and includes many pedigrees and extracts from Herald's Visitations. Mr. Reade disposes of the idea that the forms Smyth, Smythes, and so on, are affectations. On the contrary he tells us that many Elizabethan Smyths have become Victorian Smiths. We are sorry that Mr. Reade could not refrain from quoting "The Smith a mighty man is he."

NEW EDITIONS: We have received the second volume of the new edition of "The Cabinet of Irish Literature" (Gresham Publishing Company), revised and extended by Mrs. Hinkson. This is an admirable reissue which should do something to revive many almost forgotten names.—Messrs. Macmillan have issued, in a cheap and handy form, Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility." The former has the illustrations by Mr. Brock which first appeared in 1895, and the latter those by Mr. Hugh Thomson which appeared in 1896. Both volumes have introductions by Mr. Austin Dobson. In the same series comes Miss Mitford's "Our Village," with an introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.—In his "Hampshire Edition" of Jane Austen Mr. Brimley Johnson has just issued "Sense and Sensibility" and "Mansfield Park." These volumes have as end pages maps of the localities in which the scenes of the stories are laid.

Fiction.

Mr. Barrie's Way.

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

An engaging and, at the same time, an annoying book. It is neither a novel, nor a collection of short stories, nor a book for children, nor a book for adults. It is shapeless; half of it could be omitted, and nobody would notice the omission. It is sentimental, and sometimes childish; no other living writer could have treated the subject without making it nauseous. Which is merely another way of saying that "The Little White Bird" is another book by Mr. Barrie, another example of Mr. Barrie's way.

Writers who pine for recognition, gushing praise, and large cheques, and fail to find them, must often ask themselves, what is this way of Mr. Barrie's that has made him, both as author and playwright, so prosperous an individual? The answer would seem to be that he has resolutely refused to observe life, or to grow up. When he was quite young, a few types of character, a few pretty and obvious phases of the sentimental life, made a vast impression on him. Time has not blurred their outlines, or dulled their fragrance. Add to that an unwearied and very subtle study of the artistic temperament as exemplified in himself, and you have Mr. Barrie's material. His view of life is still that of the nice, well-conditioned school-girl who adores animals and children; who will talk by the hour about fairies to a younger sister, and who will grow tearful and immensely interested in any love story of loyal, unsophisticated hearts. Life and criticism of life, growing in interest as they grow older, that other authors work their wits upon, do not exist for Mr. Barrie. His subjects are the subjects that wait just beyond the school-room door. He turns to them again and again, and he has only to turn to add to his popularity.

But the author who would attempt to imitate him would be a foolish fellow. For Mr. Barrie has rare gifts that are not to be simulated. First and foremost he has humour, the real kind of humour that bubbles from the narrative without any apparent effort—the humour of the artistic temperament's other self, that, mildly amused, mildly contemptuous, watches its master's moods. Mr. Barrie knows perfectly well that he is an incurable sentimental, but he cannot help it any more than he can help mocking at himself for being one. Also he has pathos, comprehension of the minds of children, including that elder child, the artist, and perfect sympathy with all simple and unspoilt natures, whether they are women, boys or dogs.

This meandering book, chapters of which are sheer padding, shows all Mr. Barrie's merits and all his limitations. Half of it is weariness, in the other half there are passages, indeed chapters, that in humour, whimsicality, and a delicate narrative power no living writer could rival. The dog Porthos lives; Mary lives. The boy David lives. The few pages called "An Interloper," describing the night David spent with his second father are a triumph of literary art and observation. The chapter called "A Confirmed Spinster," a study of an imaginative lover's imaginary regrets for an imaginary lost love, could not be better done. Most men have lived down this kind of emotion by the time they are out of their teens; all other writers at twenty-five have ceased to regard such whimsies as "literary copy." They are still fresh and fragrant to Mr. Barrie. All the book is like that. Mr. Barrie treats his bread and butter themes as if he thought they were the only subjects in life. And he does it so well, that if we were not very severe with ourselves, we should believe him.

Four Types of Fiction.

THE ROMANTIC ADVENTUROUS — THE SOCIAL — MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH — THE AMATEUR.

POPULAR fiction, in the main, falls very readily into certain divisions, and those divisions are not many. Now and then a book makes a place for itself, refuses to be labelled, and is too often regarded with the doubt bred of unfamiliarity. But about most books there is no doubt at all; they supply a market demand, and the market likes plain figures and no experiments. This, no doubt, simplifies trade, but it cannot be considered good for literature; it tends to strangle spontaneity and turns a delicate art into a kind of clumsy mechanics. We know exactly what the pattern is to be; there is never any such doubt as there was about the pattern in the carpet concerning which Mr. Henry James once wrote. We have selected four such novels: they are typical of this season's production just as they might have been typical of last season's or of the season before. It is long since the formulas have varied materially.

THE ROMANTIC ADVENTUROUS.

"Flower-o'-the-Corn" (Clarke) brings Mr. Crockett's published books up to a round two dozen, but with increase of numbers we have no increase in variety, no natural development. "It was thus that he first saw her, blue and white among the gold, and ever after in his heart of hearts he called her, like those others, 'Flower-o'-the-Corn.'" Her father was Mr. Patrick Wellwood, chaplain to Ardmillan's regiment, and the man who saw her "blue and white among the gold" was Captain Maurice Raith, on the personal staff of my Lord Marlborough. We know what is to follow, and it follows. Raith is sent to the Cevennes secretly to encourage the Camisard revolt; the chaplain, being a Protestant, goes as well, taking his daughter with him. Adventure tumbles over the heels of adventure. Enter Yvette Foy, daughter of a fanatic inn-keeper. Raith's allegiance to "Flower-o'-the-Corn" totters. Yvette is beautiful and unscrupulous, so beautiful, indeed, that she has succeeded in catching the Maréchal de Montrevil for a husband. The conclusion is blood, gross melodrama, and the chanting of psalms. But to leave the matter there would be to do the author injustice. Mr. Crockett writes with extraordinary facility and assurance; he is never in doubt; his invention never forsakes him. Occasionally, too, he has broad descriptive passages which touch off a scene with a kind of masterful intimacy. Now and then he approaches strength, now and then he has an episode almost moving. But the general effect is strained, unreal, over-coloured, and always the sentiment is too young womanish, too cloying. The note is the note of sensationalism, not of truth.

THE SOCIAL.

No two writers could be more unlike than Mr. Crockett and Mr. Thomas Cobb, yet the work of each conforms to a particular convention. In "The Head of the Household" (Chapman) Mr. Cobb shows himself to be more than ever dominated by his own method; he willingly resigns himself to it; it is as though he had made up his mind to give up struggling. This is not to say that Mr. Cobb is not amusing; he is: but it is the lightest of amusement, and it grows out of the most improbable and arbitrary circumstances. There was a time when Mr. Cobb seemed to take more pains to find reasonable pretexts for his deft and well-managed dialogue; in "The Head of the Household" he has taken so little pains that the whole affair is essentially unreal; in detail there are passages true enough, but we never recover from the effect of the beginning. When Ursula's father dies intestate, she comes into a huge fortune and a house full of impecunious relatives; impecunious relatives are common enough, but these of Ursula's are not. There are her father's

step-sister and her daughter, an uncle, a cousin, and a son of her father's step-brother. They all willingly remain under the same roof as her pensioners, with the exception of the father's step-brother. The machinery, you will perceive, is naked and unashamed; anything might be done with such an incredible ménage, and Mr. Cobb does a good deal with it. But we never for a moment feel the slightest illusion; we know that the author has invented the whole thing. For so clever a book the impression created is painfully trifling; its only practical effect is to make us wish to get out into the street and feel real rain or breathe real fog.

MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. Le Queux has written the mystery story for so long that the gloom of his material seems to have entered into his soul. "The Unnamed" (Hodder) is serious with a preternatural solemnity; it has a kind of pomp of woe which would be impressive if we could believe in the characters. "In this story," says the author, "an endeavour has been made to present a complete picture of the gay cosmopolitan circle in the two centres of Italian society—Florence and Rome." We have discovered no touch of gaiety from beginning to end of the book. It would rather appear that Mr. Le Queux is impressed with the idea that he must, at any personal inconvenience, inform the world that Italy is in the hands of secret societies, of which the Carmorra is the worst. And after all it comes to nothing: the Carmorra in the end appears to be as manageable as a Sunday school, and a good deal more dull. It strikes us that the story of murder and sudden death needs more humour, or at least some briskness, to justify its existence. "The Unnamed" has neither; it is heavy, unreal, and as flat as distilled water. But Mr. Le Queux knows his formula, and in this expression of it he is rather above than below his average. The people strut about, declaim, faint, disguise themselves, make love, and foil assassins, all in the most approved manner. Mr. Le Queux likes to call footmen "funkeys"; ladies "loll" in their carriages, and cry "Go!" pointing imperiously to the door. What could be more effective, more observant? Certainly Mr. Le Queux knows his public.

THE AMATEUR.

We had some doubt about including "Decadents" (Greening), by H. A. B., in our list, but as it is typical of the amateur and the superfluous, it seems to deserve mention. We have seldom read a book more entirely without distinction; its title is as inappropriate as its matter is poor. The author appears to think that a man who falls in love with an actress is necessarily a decadent; also that foolish young men and blackmailers are in the same case. The actress herself comes nearer the mark, since she suffered from "alcoholic dyspepsia." As for the style and conduct of the story, they are as wooden and mechanical as may be. Not a sentence of the dialogue is natural, and we close the book with a feeling of having come to the end of a disagreeable duty. All we can say for "Decadents" is that it appears to have been written with a quite moral purpose. It contains some preaching.

We do not, of course, suggest any comparison between these four novels; the first two stand apart from the others in every way. But they are all typical; each drops into its place. Whether the demand has created the supply or the supply the demand we do not pretend to say. But we do say that "runs" upon certain classes of fiction are bad both for writers and readers, and bad, therefore, for literature. Literature, it would seem, is the last thing to be considered. And perhaps in that there is more cause for sorrow than for surprise.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

MRS. CRADDOCK.

By W. S. MAUGHAM.

The author of "Liza of Lambeth" has a clear-headed way of writing, that commends itself to the novel reader who has a constitutional objection to skipping. This story of modern life, which, says the author in the first line, might also be called "The Triumph of Love," has an epistle dedicatory to one of the characters in the book. The note of the story is restraint. Here is one of the heroine's reflections: "If I had been keeping a diary of my emotions I should close it to-day with the words, 'My husband has broken his neck.'" (Heinemann. 6s.)

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.

By ROSALIE NEISH.

The title will attract the frivolous, possibly the serious, but it does not describe the book, which is a series of brightly written sketches or impressions. "How to Choose a Husband" is the first, "How to Choose a Wife" is the second. Half the book is about Celia, the family beauty, who possessed "besides beauty a fascination and charm entirely her own, and, added to these valuable possessions, a perfect talent for getting her own way in the world." (Pearson. 6s.)

FOLLY'S QUEST.

It is impossible to describe this anonymous work in the few lines at our disposal. For the present we must content ourselves with quoting the peroration. It gives a taste of the author's style: "There was a modern Babylon that passed out. There was a sequence. There was Ejaculation—there was Labour before God laid in imperfect scroll where, to his after age, man, reduced to ethereal form, exists not save humbly, save as a hand that was—which, while in being, strove as an interpreter in Time, and with an interregnum as an Eternity, once conserved at most: that one while it was the lark, and break of Day, and again Sunset, with sounds by the great River like to a virgin walking, milk-white with sweet feet." (Richards. 6s.)

BELSHAZZAR.

By W. S. DAVIS.

"Among the characters is the prophet Daniel, who plays a conspicuous part in the action." This passage from an advance announcement of Mr. Davis's new romance having caught our eye, we turned the pages to see how he treated Daniel. We extract a fragment of the scene between Isaiah and Daniel.

"My task," cried Isaiah.

"Yours," again Daniel's voice sank low. "This is what is commanded you of God: On the day of the feast of Bel cast all fear from you. During the festival the customary watch will be relaxed. You know the great tunnel beneath the Euphrates, from the palace to the Eastern City." (Richards. 6s.)

We have also received:—*Mlle. Fouchette*, a novel of French life, by C. T. Murray (Richards); *The Coming of Sonia*, five stories, by Mrs. Hamilton Syng (Fisher Unwin); *The Plague of the Heart*, three stories, by Francis Prevost (Ward Lock); *The King's Pistols*, an account of certain passages in the life of the late Mr. Justice Goffe, by Charles P. Plant (Swan Sonnenschein); *In the Springtime of Love*, by Iza Duffus Hardy (Pearson); *Behind the Granite Gateway*, by W. Scott King (Hodder); *The Course of Justice*, by V. L. Whitechurch (Isbister); *Hernando*, by Owen Hall (Chatto); *The Spell of the Jungle*, by A. Perrin (Treherne).

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Talk and Print.

"SLANG and cant are essentially primeval." That is a suggestive sentence which arrests attention in a work which has but recently come under our eye. It is entitled "Londonismen," and is issued from the *Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung* in Berlin. The first edition appeared fifteen years ago, and since then the author, Mr. Baumann, who has enough English to take a degree at the London University, has brought his work down to the current year. There are of course omissions; a child could find omissions in any dictionary; and now and again Mr. Baumann's ear is not quite true. For example, "d'you have much fun?" does not represent the uneducated Londoner's rendering of "did you have much fun?" He would say, "Jav much fun?" But Mr. Baumann has devised a system of notation which is no doubt as simple as the tonic sol-fa system when you understand it, and will enable the painstaking German to talk the most elaborate slang to the admiration of every costermonger within range.

If slang is not quite primeval — for dragons in primeval slime would not be finicking in their sputterings or nice in their phrases — it is certainly coeval with the rise of literature. For literature makes slang as society makes the cad. You may see the process in English, how the spoken word parts from the written word, how speech is divorced from literature. Beneath the world of books there is a world of speech. Now and again the King calls up the beggar maiden and the King's English is enriched by such infusions as "boycott," "humbug," "hocus pocus," or such words as "bounder" and "smug," which still hover on the fringe of the respectable dictionary. A recent advertisement of another new dictionary has announced the birth — rather, we should say, the confirmation — of twenty-eight thousand new words; and it is reasonable to assume that many of these have grown up from common speech and won their way to the dictionary because they are really wanted. English is particularly prolific in slang, perhaps because it has lost the capacity to make compounds. Cast your net in any sea of talk and you will bring up words that have not yet been clothed in calf, and indeed are scarcely respectable; but they may yet find families. Think of these various wells of English into which literature dips so lightly. There is the slang of London, which comprises everything from rhyming slang to back slang; there is the theatrical slang, the costers' slang, the public school slang, the University slang, the army slang, and the slang of the navy, and though each of these occasionally overlaps with another, they are so distinct as to form almost separate languages, and if you were to drop among a group of men talking intimately together you should be able to place them roughly on the evidence of a few sentences. It is perfectly easy to conceive of two Englishmen, talking their habitual language, and mutually unintelligible. Take for example a Winchester boy — at Winchester public school slang reaches its highest development — and a

London pickpocket with his rhyming slang. They can meet in the upper air of newspaper English. But at will they can sink in their submarines beneath the Murray level and remain apart, mutually invisible. The pickpocket would not "oliver" even what a Winchester "notion" was. And slang has its permanent features. It changes on the surface with wonderful rapidity, and the mere society slang must be served fresh. Last season's word for this season's rendering of "smart" or "devey" is as incriminating in a drawing-room as last season's frock. But there are hundreds of words which have been on the lips of the people for centuries and have never become "literary." In the dictionary of Thomas Harman, which appeared about 1566, there is a conversation in current slang. Here is a line: "Why, where is the kene that hath the bene bouse?" Now there are two words that have been in common use for at least three centuries and a half, and further research might give them a still longer pedigree. Yet neither has become literary. To-day a "ken" is a house, and a "flash ken" could be indicated by the first constable you meet. And a few years ago a music-hall singer was inviting us to "come where the booze is cheaper." After all these centuries "ken" would probably be unintelligible to most speakers of English, and while "booze" has risen a little in the world it has not been admitted to the company of serious and respectable words. These two instances will suggest the existence of a vast ocean of words beneath the literary language, words which pass from mouth to mouth and seldom get into print. People do not usually talk like a book, and even for the sake of posterity the slang dictionary should be encouraged. What do we really know of the speech of the Athenian street-boy in the age of Pericles, Socrates, Euripides? We may be sure he was not Thucydidean in his speech. Aristophanes has preserved a word or two which is "rare" enough to rank below the literary language, and allusions which point to a double meaning in apparently innocent phrases. We may be sure, however, that underneath the literary language there was another, probably several others, of which neither Liddell nor Scott had any evidence. And when we have deciphered the cuneiform inscription we have touched but the surface. There were other languages beneath that were neither cuneiform nor even good form.

No language in the world, it is safe to say, is so rich in slang as the English. In the old country reminiscences, in the dominions beyond the seas and in America inventiveness, is produced a never failing supply of young and old words waiting for the confirming Bishop, who in these days and in this country is not an academy but the daily newspaper. A complete dictionary of English slang would tax the resources and the energy of Dr. Murray, and when completed would break the axles of a Pickford van. Mr. Baumann wisely confined himself to London. He is quite right in saying that the speech of London differs from the speech of the provinces. Notwithstanding the excellent train-service between London and Bristol the Bristol street boy who cries "Wur bist gwine?" would not be understood by the London street boy as asking his errand. But Mr. Baumann is not quite right in assuming that London, though split in the matter of government, is one and special in speech. Such a word as "swot," for instance, coming from Eton is spread wherever Eton men are found and is one of the best known words in the language that is spoken and not written, and the various uses of the little word "on," of which he gives an excellent account, are imperial. The difference between "I had a little bit on" and "I was a little bit on" would be appreciated by every Briton. There are, however, ordinary words with curious meanings that may be picked up in London and London only. For London has developed a special brand of slang which may be classed as back-slang, centre slang, and rhyming-slang. All three are generally used by people who prefer to be

misunderstood by the police. Back-slang is fairly simple. You turn the word round, and get the nearest you can to the result with your mouth. Thus "ynnep" for a penny is cheap, though the ignorant might think it a new word. But the back-slang for police is a little more complicated, since "esilop" has become "slop"—the recognised word; a half-way house is provided by "centreslang" which is really only a shirking of the difficulty of back-slang, as when you say "ilkem" instead of milk. This, however, is comparatively simple. Rhyming-slang is difficult to understand because the language is continually shifting and little remains permanent. A rhyming word or phrase is taken—quite at random—and made to serve. Thus to "oliver" is to understand, and the origin of that word illustrates the parentage of the whole dictionary of rhyming-slang which shifts with each generation of boys. To understand is to "tumble"—itself a slang term which Mr. Baumann digs from "The Gay Lord Quex." To "tumble" you may rhyme "Oliver Cromwell" if you pronounce him so. Then the "Cromwell" drops off and "Oliver" remains. The arbitrary system on which rhyming slang is made may be shown by the rivalry of "cat and mouse" and "flea and louse" for the honour of representing house. "King" is the equivalent for breath simply because some forgotten genius rhymed "breath" with "King Death."

Can literature get anything from these thousands of words that underlie the written language? Very little, we think. Some of them are called up, being found worthy. But a word, like an office boy, is promoted only when it is found necessary. Most of the words in the underworld of English are mere equivalents. There is no reason for calling a constable a "slop" but the cussedness of the criminal. Now and again distortion, inventiveness, or adaptation enriches the language which has lost the German capacity for compounds. It was, we believe, a bus-driver who with a side shout christened the Central London Railway as the twopenny tube. And now "the Tube" is literary.

Don Quixotes of Polemic.

THE reappearance, in a popular and revised form, of that very striking book, "Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation" suggests a word upon the ancient quarrel, still, it would seem, acute, between logic and the transcendental. "Supernatural Religion" does not, of course, stand alone. Many circumstances—its real and exhaustive learning, its anonymity and the startling and wholly unfounded stories as to its authorship that were whispered abroad, the vigorous controversy to which it gave rise—combined to give it an exceptional prominence amongst manuals of disbelief. It went through some seven or eight editions in the course of the 'seventies. But the erudite layman who dared to cross swords with the redoubtable Bishop of Durham was only one out of many before and since who have felt that the elimination of the miraculous from religion was, for them, the cause of all causes best worth the expense of time and spirit. It is sufficient, without going back to "Literature and Dogma," to recall "Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity" and the other theological works of Dr. E. A. Abbott, or the still more recent "Exploratio Evangelica" of Prof. Percy Gardner. These writers differ in standpoint from each other, and from the author of "Supernatural Religion." They, it would appear, desire to pull down the edifice of traditional Christianity, in order to rebuild it on other than miraculous foundations. His scepticism extends even to the theistic assumptions. But all alike set before themselves the task of bringing the irrational, the

legendary elements of the old faith to the touch of their Ithuriel's spear; while, as readers of the ACADEMY know well, a similar enterprise has but just now found the sanction of what may be called official theology in certain outspoken articles of Prof. Cheyne's "Encyclopædia Biblica." For Prof. Schmiedel, who discusses—shall we say, dissects—the Gospels in that alarmingly heretical compilation, the character of those momentous documents depends but little even on the vexed question of their date. Whether they are of the last half of the second century as the argument of "Supernatural Religion" suggests, or of the beginning of the second century as the more modern criticism, even of Germany, now tends to hold, or of dates earlier than the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 as the older orthodoxy maintained, they can, at the most, according to this intrepid thinker, be held to represent, not a primary tradition of the events which they profess to narrate, but a transformation of that tradition into which many untrustworthy and legendary elements have made their way.

Very likely it is so. But if it is so, the battle is for all that not yet won for rationalism. These champions of an austere and chilly creed are but Don Quixotes tilting in the desert at windmills. The real enemy is not there: it is but make-believes they overthrow. The ultimate citadel of faith is unassailable by the weapons they employ, lies secure from the reach of any purely intellectual spear. Miracles were once the armament; if miracles are now outranged, it will be found re-arming with even more celerity than the British War Office. As a mere matter of argument, we suppose that miracles are outranged. They have been the objective of at least two different zones of fire. The philosophers, from Hume downwards, have demonstrated their incompatibility with that axiom of the universal validity of the causal relation on which science appears to think that its own very existence is at stake. The historians have explained how the belief in them actually came into being, how they are, as Mr. Grey put it to Robert Elsmere, only "a natural inevitable outgrowth of human testimony, in its pre-scientific stages." We do not know that either argument means very much in itself to the man in the street. Put to him the dilemma between science and miracles and he is as likely as not to tell you that he is not risking anything on the universal validity of the causal relation. He is, of course, daily; but that is another matter. As for the history of evidence and the higher criticism generally, his understanding of it is probably measured by that of the newspaper reporter who told us the other day that the Bishop of Salisbury had read a paper to a Church Congress on "the Johannine authorship of the four Gospels." But both arguments tell with the orthodox apologists who, after all, are using their reasoning powers on the matter, like their opponents. Wherefore they whittle down the miraculous suspension of law to the intervention of obscure or generally unknown laws, a process which in the long run must of course end in the elimination of the miraculous altogether.

So far as any intellectual statement of the grounds of his faith goes, the man in the street probably depends mainly, and at a remove of many degrees, upon the apologists. But our whole point is that faith is not, primarily, an affair of the pure intellect at all. It has intellectual elements in it; but essentially it is an amalgam to which the affections, the imagination, even the nerves, all contribute their share. The experience even of convinced sceptics proves this.—

And now what are we? unbelievers both,
Calm and complete, determinately fixed
To-day, to-morrow and for ever, pray?
You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think!
In no wise! all we've gained is, that belief,
As unbelief before, shakes us by fits,
Confounds us like its predecessor. Where's
The gain? how can we guard our unbelief.
Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.

Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again,
The grand Perhaps!

But if faith is not built up wholly upon logic, surely it is true to say that our Don Quixotes of polemic are but tilting at windmills when they bring merely logical arguments against it. They sight a conviction where there is only a prejudice or—a dream. And if they think that dreams are dangerous, they should realise that at any rate they are impenetrable to syllogisms. Voltaire, surely, had grasped this, when he brought irony to the rescue of his logic and devoted himself less to refuting Christianity than to rendering it ridiculous. And in our own age, too, have not the most disturbing and dissolvent books been, not those which contented themselves with denying and disproving, but those which, like Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*," or Seeley's "*Ecce Homo*," or M. Albert Réville's "*Jésus de Nazareth*," have aimed at the brain through the imagination, and have sought, not solely to destroy the traditional conception of the miraculous god-man, but to replace it by another more intimate, more thrilling, more human, if less divine. Even thus approached, we doubt if faith will readily surrender the supernatural. Man clings to his dreams. The barriers of the cognizable are strait and the skies are grey above them. The acceptance of fundamental limitations is the last and hardest lesson of philosophy; and there are few who will not, if only now and again, yield to the temptation of clambering on to the ramparts and peering for some signal through the drifting mists. The process is not logical, perhaps; but what would you have? "There are certain questions," said Newman, or something like it, "to which the mind of man is so constituted that it must have an answer." "Newman forgot to say," remarked a witty critic, "that the mind of man is so constituted that, if it does not know the answer to these questions, and cannot find it out, it invents it."

Impressions.

V.—The Mother.

THE cottage where Jonathan and his wife lived was not easily found. You might walk down the lane twenty times without spying it nuzzling into the hillside, at the foot of a flight of steps rough-cut into the clay. It was a tiny cottage, but three counties could be seen from the porch; overhead you might watch the weather in the making; just beneath was an orchard. In that cottage Jonathan's wife spent her days; he was a wanderer, she was a stay-at-home. A thin, restless woman, never idle, she was one of those housewives who are always cooking something over a fire, or carrying a pail or a platter between the yard and the house. She never shared in the talks between Jonathan and myself; she regarded them, I am sure, merely as another of man's ways of wasting time. Sometimes I wondered vaguely what were her thoughts, what was her view of life. Once, many years ago, her emotions had been deeply stirred: that I knew. There was the locked door in the cottage to remind me. A housewife, with but three rooms to control, does not renounce one of them, except under some strong compulsion. Lizzie's bedroom with its music-stand, its violoncello, its faded articles of attire, its books, was unchanged since the day she died. It was dusted every morning—that was all. We never spoke of her.

For his supper Jonathan liked a steaming Spanish onion, with a piece of bread and a glass of ale. That was the hour when we talked about books, or rather I talked, and he made comments. Indeed, it was for the sake of those comments that I willingly exchanged the hearth of my own cottage for his. Sometimes I read a review aloud. He would sit in the chimney corner, staring straight at me with those deep-set eyes, smoking placidly, while his wife bustled to and fro, making no remark, except the peremptory command when the onion was dished from the pot, and placed steaming on his plate: "Now then, come and sit up." Jonathan obeyed, hungry or not, while I continued to read. He could not, or would not assimilate much at a time; when some passage moved him to speak, he would put down his fork, and speak. On the evening of which I am writing, the fork was placed on the table when he had taken but a few mouthfuls. The onion became cold and flaccid. I had been reading this passage: "Tennyson, more and more as life advanced, seems to have been dominated by the horror of the thought of losing individuality at death." There Jonathan stopped me. In the silence the tick of the clock seemed very loud. I was conscious that the woman was standing still behind my chair. I turned. She was looking at her husband.

Jonathan did not speak. In those few minutes of pregnant silence I knew that I was near to the heart of things. Authority, tradition, clerical influence, the contagious sympathy of a common belief had no hold on this old man and woman, with the soil beneath, the sky above, and nothing to draw upon but their own simple wisdom. . . . Slowly and sadly Jonathan shook his head. The woman rested herself on the edge of the table, examined her bruised hands, and said, "Nor I, Jonathan."

Then, it all happened in a second, they both glanced towards the closed door, and stared hard at it. A change came over them. Jonathan did not move, but the woman rushed at him, flung her skinny arms about his neck, and sobbed, "Yes, dear, yes!"

VI.—The Child.

You know the effect of one lighted window in a dark house: when that house is a cottage, clinging alone to the hill-side, and you see the light at night-time from a wood below: when the inmate of the lighted room is a young, pale girl who is playing the violoncello, and the window is open, and there is nothing abroad but her music, the soft summer air, and yourself—such a sight remains. I saw her, and heard her, many times by night and by day. There was no need to hide or crouch, for her eyes were weak like her slight body, and everything beyond the garden fence was dim to Lizzie. Why this child of peasants should have had the gift of music, or why the offspring of so sturdy a couple should have been doomed to an early death from curvature of the spine, was inexplicable. Three days a week, when she was strong enough, the carrier jolted her into Marketbourne, where she had lessons at the conservatoire. Colonel Ward, Jonathan's employer, saw to the fees, and he it was who, when she became too weak to make the journey, gave her the violoncello.

It was Colonel Ward's sister who carried Lizzie off one day to a Harley Street oculist, who interested himself more than usual in the case, and provided her with glasses which, almost as if by a miracle, restored her sight. She wore the glasses for a week, and then discarded them. When I upbraided her, she answered: "They make me see everything so clearly. I don't want to see things clearly. The flowers and the trees are not nearly as beautiful as they were when I saw them through a mist. The gentleman was very kind to give me the glasses, but I want him to take them back." She never wore them again. When I saw her playing at the open window, looking out on three counties as she played, her eyes were unprotected

It was Schumann in those latter days, always Schumann, and nearly always the little "Schlummerlied." Her parents listened and wondered, with the inarticulate wonder of the very poor. They treated her as if she were a princess or an angel, but they never spoke to me of Lizzie.

When she died her father threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and whispered: "God's will be done!" It was terrible to hear him cry. The mother, looking as white and cold as a statue, gave the cottage a superfluous autumn cleaning. Two days later Jonathan tramped into Marketbourne, and returned with his pockets stuffed with cheap laces, odds and ends of muslin and chiffon. "It's all soft things," he said, as he placed them gently into the coffin. "Her soft flesh mustn't be hurt." The woman stared at him, left the room without a word, and at once began to shake out the mats in the yard. When the men in black came down the steps she told them to wait, laid the mats tidily in their places, and then returned to the chamber. "Jonathan," she said, and jerked her head to the door, "the onions has gone musty. There's a chance of your getting no supper to-night." He looked dazed, but did not move. She went up to him, took his arm, and led him gently to the door. "I want you," she said, "to let me be alone with the bairn before—before the men come!" That was nineteen years ago.

Drama.

Listeneth, Lordynges.

An accident which prevented me from seeing the play about which I had proposed to write this week, gives an opportunity to record the impression, or depression, left by a more modest entertainment. This was the recital—to be quite precise, it was called a dramatic reading—of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, given by Miss Honor Brooke in the Steinway Hall. Miss Brooke is the daughter of Mr. Stopford Brooke, to whom many lovers of literature owe a debt of gratitude, and the audience, mainly of ladies, suggested, as such audiences often do suggest, an unwearied, if somewhat misdirected, hunt after short cuts to culture. Oddly enough, the last representation which I saw of the "Antigone" took place only a few doors from the Steinway Hall. It was given in the Greek by a troop of girls, students at Queen's College, in Harley Street. It must have been about ten years ago, soon after I first came to London. I remember distinctly the foggy night outside, the chorus moving round the altar with its pile of fruit and its flickering flame, in the rather cramped spaces of the orchestra, and the stiff and nervous, but none the less appropriate, delivery of the deathless speeches. Something at least there was, one fancied, that night, of the ancient Attic illusion. I was under no illusion whatever in listening to Miss Brooke the other day. This was not, I think, because the words were not the words of Sophocles himself, but of Sophocles as heard through the medium of Prof. Lewis Campbell's scholarly English. Nor was it due to any imperfections of Miss Brooke's own. She is an excellent reciter. Her intelligence is great; her gestures are restrained; her intonation is pure. A trifling and not unpleasant lisp is all that the most exigent critic could find fault with. Only I cannot persuade myself that dramatic speeches, delivered by a lady with a Hellenic fillet in her hair, but otherwise in modern dress, upon a stage adorned with a piano (labelled Steinway), several jars of chrysanthemums, and a Japanese screen, are in any way an equivalent, or even a reasonable substitute, for a drama. No doubt the appeal of a drama is ultimately to the brain and the

emotions. But it presupposes the setting up of an illusion, and this surely can only come through a primary appeal to the senses. "The aim of Sophoclean tragedy," says Miss Brooke in her programme, "was by representing some great crisis in an individual life to excite universal sympathy for an ideal sorrow, to give expression and relief to human emotion, and to exemplify the working of great 'unwritten laws' of equity, piety, and mercy." It is quite true; but how is a spectator going to surrender his emotions to those of the play, when he is kept on the strain all the time to know which after all of the characters is the subject of impersonation at any given moment. The effort to "follow"—and only a word by word intimacy with the text could make such an effort unnecessary—is of itself fatal to the illusion. Nor, in a Greek play, is the loss of the chorus a light thing. I do not say that Miss Brooke was unwise in not reciting the choruses. To have included them would have been to introduce yet another element of complexity into her already difficult task. But important as the chorus is emotionally, it is even more important visually in detaching the spectator from his surroundings and ushering him into the dream-world of heroic myth in which the action passes. Even more than the lights and the overture of a modern theatre, it is the agent of that hypnotism which is the straight way to illusion. I do not feel this about dramatic recitations for the first time. The instructors of my youth were in the habit of occasionally breaking the monotony of a winter term by producing Mr. Brandram for my edification and entertainment. I was fond of Shakespeare, and should certainly have enjoyed a play if I had ever had a chance in those days of going to one. And I never realised, although I realise now, why it was that Mr. Brandram always bored me so portentously; why, for instance, so riotous and pulsing a comedy as "Twelfth Night" evaporated in the process of recitation into so grey and pale a *simulacrum* of itself.

Probably the tradition of dramatic recitals dates back to the not very distant period when a large section of society held the stage a thing accursed. The fact that Shakespeare was a classic and the absence of make-up just brought the recital within the pale. At any rate one may be sure that during the hey-day of recitation, which I take to have been the twelfth century, no one ever thought of standing up by himself and reciting a play. The art of minstrelsy, of course, was almost entirely reciting. *Chanson de geste, roman d'aventure, dit, fabliau*, every form of secular literature known to the middle ages, except the song proper, was recited, either straight forward with the speaking voice, as one tells a tale, or else in a sing-song chant to the accompaniment at irregular intervals of a few touches on harp or *vieille* to sustain the note. And somehow the minstrels knew how to hold their audiences. The interminable tales of Roland or of Gawaine which began directly after supper with a "Listeneth, lordynges" or a "Alle herkneth to me nou," lasted long into the night before the gold piece or the half-worn mantle came to reward the tired *disour*. But all this was narrative and not drama. Of drama in fact minstrelsy knew hardly anything. If, as is possible, rude farces had continued from Roman days to be played, they are not preserved. There are a few "disputes" and other dialogued pieces, such as the well-known "Nut-Brown Maid." These were perhaps recited by two minstrels answering each other. But the individual minstrel knew better than to desert narrative for drama. The methods of drama and of recitation are, in fact, set widely apart. The action of a drama is wholly detached from the spectator. The incursion of the Elizabethan audience on to the stage, although Shakespeare puts it to use in Christopher Sly, was only a passing anomaly. The personality of the actor is a thing to be kept in subordination. The relation between the reciter and his hearers is far more direct and immediate. The very object of the

"Listeneth, lordynges" of the minstrel is to bring himself, and not his song alone, into touch with those that sit around. His highest praise is to be told, as Ulysses told Demodocus, "Right truly dost thou chant the faring of the Achaeans, how they did and how they suffered, and all their woe, as if thou thyself hadst been present, or hadst heard the tale from one who was there." And it is precisely this personal note which seems to me inconsistent with the intrusion of drama.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The New English Art Club.

THE catholicity of the New English Art Club is commendable. All schools and temperaments which are not academic, commonplace or desiccated, are welcomed! The practitioners of flat painting, of broken brush-work, of vivid landscape, of dirty landscape; those who can do a slight thing beautifully, but who never court failure by grasping difficulties like a bride; beginners, whose ambition outruns their powers, are alike welcomed. The club remains new in deed, as well as in name. It sheds members like autumn leaves; but you hear of them again at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. It opens its arms to young talent, giving Mr. John, for example, the best position on the walls, and hanging Mr. Rothenstein, Junr., on the line with an ambitious, but unsuccessful subject study called "The Song of the Shirt." And the club also honours its more experienced members, such as Mr. Brabazon, Mr. MacColl, Mr. Rich, &c.

The Brabazon wall persists through all the changes of theme and method that the working members (I use the phrase with some trepidation) have exploited in the past. The painters whose place is on the Brabazon wall may be compared with the House of Lords. They do nothing in particular, but they do it very well. They sit for a few minutes, portray a beautiful effect of evening glow, or a mountain top rising rosily through the mist, and then they return to their ordinary avocations. Sometimes a member from the other House takes a seat with them for a little while, flashing on to paper some effect of light on sky or sea or moor, or some arrangement of trees in sombre shade. Mr. Wilson Steer sits among them this autumn with "A Moorland" and "A Glade," and Mr. Moffat Lindner with a "Hay Barge" and a "Dordrecht from the Marshes."

Accomplished! beautiful! are the epithets that rise to the tongue in speaking of the painters who decorate the Brabazon wall. They are the Austin Dobsons of the club, doing little things supremely well, refraining, through excessive modesty, from attempting "works." They seek beauty, not as an attribute, but as an essential. You remember the story of A Certain Wit who happening to call upon a lady found her attempting to decorate the wall of her drawing-room with fans. "Oh, I am so glad you have called," she cried, "now you can help me to arrange them." "Madam," he answered, "your fans should not be arranged, they should occur." It is at least arguable that beauty in pictures should occur, as humour should occur in talk or on the page. Beauty occurs, if I may be so bold as to say so, in Mr. Chancellor's study of a girl, in Mr. Duff's sooty pictures of sheep, in Mr. Mark Fisher's metallically vivid "Summertime," in Mr. Walter Osborne's companionable "Milking Time," in Miss Walker's sunny "Tea Table," in Mr. Henry's delicate sea pieces, and in Mr. Bellingham Smith's "Go, Lovely Rose." It is arranged, if I may say so, sought for, with too clamorous a determination to see beauty at any cost, in Mr. Charles Conder's unsubstantial Maeterlinckian landscapes, and in Mr. Hartrick's "The Undiscovered Country." Mr. Hartrick always "makes

one furiously to think," but the needle of his vision darts round, most confusedly, from pictures that are almost ugly in their brutal directness, to others that are almost uninteresting in their determination to be extra beautiful.

Ugliness is an ugly word. "Contrary to beauty" is prettier, and I am inclined to use the phrase in speaking of the House of Commons members of the club. I do not suggest that the painters I have mentioned above are not whole-heartedly eager and industrious in the pursuit of their art; but there is a certain section of the club, genre painters mainly, who suggest the untiring activity of those able members of the House of Commons who sit on committees, ask questions, digest Blue-books, and speak well when necessary. For the past few years the New English Art Club has been dominated by the personalities of a few members who have made the domestic picture the dominant note of the club's exhibitions. I do not mean the millinery-baby domestic picture of the Royal Academy, rather the home picture of the Dutch School. The explanation is simple enough. Mr. Orpen, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Russell, Mr. Muirhead have chosen to paint the rooms in which they live, and the choice and simple possessions that an artist gathers about him. This example of dogged hard work has been infectious. Mr. Henry Tonks, a painter hitherto associated rather with the Lords than the Commons, shows in two portrait groups that he is not only a painter of knowledge, that we already knew, but also that he can be, when he chooses, a willing worker. On "The Return from the Ball" and on the companion Portrait Group labour has not been spared. The dress of the blonde, unattractive woman who has just returned from the ball, the nightgowns of the children, are dexterously suggested, but the picture does not give one the pleasure it should. The marks of labour are so plain upon it; the composition has been so carefully planned; there is no spontaneity, none of that large simplicity, so engaging, so frankly fundamental in its appeal that the great portrait groups have, say Reynolds's "Angerstein Children," or Hoppner's "The Setting Sun." It would be foolish and untrue to call Mr. Tonks's "The Return from the Ball" ugly, but to my eyes it certainly is "contrary to beauty." I can admire passages in the painting, appreciate and applaud difficulties bravely attacked and often overcome, but the finished work leaves me cold and critical, and does not beguile me back to look at it again.

This criticism does not apply only to Mr. Tonks. Speaking generally, it illustrates my attitude to all these talented painters of interiors. Not one of them offers repose to the eye; not one of them typifies the calm and sane spirit of the painter in whom the craftsman is but the willing handmaid of the artist, who sees his subject as a whole, and makes you feel that a picture is the final expression of his temperament, not vivid facets of his talent. Therein lies the greatness of the Dutchmen, even the lesser Dutchmen.

It seems a little ungracious, but try as I will, I cannot bring myself to like either of Mr. W. Rothenstein's pictures. I resent the hard green of that couch, the hard drawing of the figures in his portrait group. Mr. Russell's "Needlework" pleases more, but even here the artist has not been able to conceal his cleverness. I could almost imagine that he painted the reclining figure to show how dexterously he could indicate her shoeless feet without drawing them.

But it is Mr. Orpen who affords the best example of the apparent inability of these clever painters to weld the parts into the whole, to focus their observation. His remarkable talent we will take for granted, and look briefly at his four pictures. Three are single figures—a portrait of himself, and studies of two recumbent men. These are studies: there was no need to visualise the component parts into a harmonious whole, and they are as deft, as well observed, as direct as painting could well

be. Any living painter of the first rank would be proud to sign them. Examine his "Chess Players." There are passages in this picture that are entirely beautiful; the painting of the accessories; the figure of the girl; the correlation of the textures; the sensation of mystery given to common objects by observing them in their relation to each other under the magic of light and atmosphere—these are among the things that go to make a great picture. Now look at the standing figure—poorly drawn, badly placed. You say to yourself—what is it doing here? If the picture were a hundred years old, it would be said that this figure had been put in by some muddler, who thinking to improve a beautiful picture—spoiled it. That figure is an episode in the picture, unrelated to the rest of it, and the strange thing is that Mr. Orpen did not see this. The artist slumbered in him, or he would never have allowed this work to be exhibited. In my opinion the picture in this exhibition that comes nearest to what one critic has well called "that serenity, that air of finality that comes when endeavour gives way to accomplishment" is Mr. Muirhead's "A Girl Reading." The red-gowned woman is a little difficult to assimilate at first, but she grows upon one, and all the other passages of this capable example of modern painting, remain as delightful as they were at the first glance. This picture certainly has the air of finality.

C. L. H.

Science.

The Mystery of the Universe.

It is stated that a distinguished physicist once dreamed that he had discovered the mystery of the universe, and before he was thoroughly awake, jumped out of bed and wrote it down. Returning to bed, he slept again till the morning only to find, on finally waking up, that he had written two lines of doggerel which could convey no meaning to anybody. It is certainly not by this method that Prof. Osborne Reynolds has approached the problem of which he announced the solution in the Redle Lecture delivered at Cambridge last June; for he tells us that his researches on the subject began twenty years ago, and his principal theory of dilatancy was demonstrated at the Royal Institution as far back as 1891. Yet when we consider how complete an inversion—to use his own phrase—of the popular conception of the universe his new discovery involves, it may well appear to us likely that it will be at least another twenty years before it becomes thinkable by the man in the street.

First, however, let us try to formulate to ourselves what the popular idea of the universe really is. I suppose most people would now-a-days agree that the sun is the centre of our system and that the earth is one of the eight planets which revolve round it, each spinning meanwhile on its own axis. Those of us whose acquaintance with the elementary ideas of physics goes a little further might be inclined to guess that the sun and the whole solar system in like manner revolve round one of the stars which we see on most fine nights in the year, which is sometimes stated to be Sirius and sometimes one of the stars of the Pleiades: while others, who have followed the controversies which have sprung up in the learned world during the last half century, may be acquainted with the theory that the space between us and the other stars, as well as the interstices between the molecules of terrestrial matter, is filled with a substance called "ether," which has been figured for us as an incompressible elastic jelly of almost inconceivable tenuity, the quivering of which produces light. But we have no sooner got those theories firmly in our heads than the unsolved problems begin to appear. If the earth revolves

on its own axis and we are, therefore, as Prof. Reynolds reminds us, standing all our lives on a floor moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, how is it that we do not fall off? And if light, whether coming to us from the sun or from some artificial source like a candle, is only due to undulations in the ether, how comes it that it is reflected from polished surfaces and absorbed by rough ones? And if both these questions could be answered satisfactorily, how could we account for the existence of the phenomenon we call electricity, which, so far as we know, has no recognised place in the solar system at all, but which appears as if it were a fluid—which we are told on good authority it is not—flowing from some place and towards some place of the existence of which we have never yet been able to form even a conception? Such are only a few of the problems that Prof. Reynolds sets himself seriously to answer.

This he does by drawing our attention to a property of certain forms of matter which has hitherto received little attention, and which he calls, as we have seen, dilatancy. If a sponge be filled with water—to take his fundamental experiment—and squeezed between two boards, water, as we can all see without repeating the process, will be squeezed out; but this is not true of all forms of matter. If the matter to be squeezed be what he calls granular, that is to say consisting of a number of rigid spheres in free contact with each other, as for instance in the case of a quantity of shot or sand enclosed in an india-rubber envelope, the effect of squeezing in contact with water will be that instead of the water being expelled, it will be drawn in. To put it in more general terms, granular matter "possesses the apparently paradoxical or anti-sponge property of swelling in bulk as its shape is altered."

From this, Prof. Reynolds goes on to explain the different problems of the universe in terms which certainly involve, as he admits, a complete inversion of all our former ideas upon it. Let us imagine, he says in effect, the ether, which we are just beginning to think of as filling all otherwise unoccupied space, as being, not a jelly, but a mass of grains inconceivably small, but absolutely unconfined as to its boundary. We shall find, he tells us, that it will reproduce all the qualities of elasticity and incompressibility with which we have endowed the ether when we supposed it to be a jelly, with a density which may be if we please ten thousand times that of water. But how then can we think of matter, as we have hitherto called it in distinction from the ether? It is quite possible to conceive that, although the constituents of any portion of matter may be constantly changing, its outward appearance may remain the same. Such a phenomenon presents itself when several billiard balls are arrayed on a table or, still better, suspended in a row, and another is propelled rapidly on to one end of the group with the result that it adds itself to it, and causes one of those already there to be detached with equal rapidity from the other end. Hence we can think of the constituents of each group of matter as being in rapid motion among themselves at even the rate of twenty miles a second without causing it to lose its outward form, and this, if I read Prof. Reynolds rightly, is pretty much what is happening. But what then are the molecules or smallest constituents of matter. Merely, he says, waves in the medium which, although they may cohere, cannot pass through each other. To conceive this, he has to suppose that the medium is stationary and the molecules are moving with the velocity of the earth, "the grains," as he says, "within the surfaces being continuously replaced by other grains by the absorption of other grains in front, and the detachment of the original ones behind without any mean effect on the motion of the grains." Yet this seems to me to raise the further question: What causes the rotation of the earth? and to this I do not see that Prof. Reynolds's lecture affords an answer.

However that may be, if we once allow his premises, which he claims to have inductively verified and supports by experiments which I regret I cannot reproduce here, there seems to be no doubt that his conclusions follow from them logically enough. Gravitation is explained by him as being due to the variation of the inward strains "caused by curvature in the normal piling of the medium," and the explanation, although rugged from its brevity seems to be sufficient. Electricity is in the same way accounted for as being due to the "effort to revert" of irregularly piled groups of grains, and the explanation has the additional advantage of disposing once and for all of the eternal question whether positive and negative electricity are two things or only different aspects of the same thing. By similar means, we get the explanation of light which is said, without apparently doing violence to Clerk-Maxwell's theory, to be the result of electric discharges "the recoil from which sets up a vibration in the medium which is exhausted in initiating waves of light and heat." Thus at one swoop we get rid of most of the principal problems that have hitherto vexed us in our attempts to form a rational conception of the universe.

Which things may be, and although most people have an instinctive distrust of keys which are said to unlock all doors, it is fair to say that one argument which Prof. Reynolds brings forward should appeal strongly to those who argue, as most of us do in such transcendent matters, by analogy. He began his lecture to the Royal Institution by reminding his hearers that Nature has hitherto appeared to act like the diplomatist in Poe's story of the *Purloined Letter*, who, knowing that strenuous attempts would be made to steal a particular document, left it exposed to view unsealed. All our great discoveries have come to us through means that have been lying, so to speak, under our noses since the beginning of time. The possibilities of the steam engine seem now to have been perfectly patent to everybody since the experiments of Hero of Alexandria, yet for nearly twenty centuries they remained unnoticed. So the first experiment in electricity was made, if legend can be trusted, by Thales of Miletus some five centuries B.C., but the second step in the matter was not taken until so recent a period that we are even now debating what electricity is, and whence it comes? Hence it is quite possible to suppose that the solution of this and other high problems has really been lying ready to our hands, and written, so to speak, in such common matters as sand and billiard balls until the insight of Prof. Reynolds has read it for us. And this may well be, although the "equal validity for all normally-constituted minds," which is the ultimate aim of all scientific theories is yet a long way off.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

"A New Religion."

SIR.—In your highly interesting and able review of Mr. Podmore's book, your reviewer assumes that Spiritualism may have in it the making of a "new religion." I do not think that Spiritualists (of whom I am not one) view it themselves in this light. The more serious among them consider that after making all allowance for fraud and imposture, conscious or unconscious, on the part of mediums, and for tricks of the imagination and sensory illusion on the part of sitters and experimentalists, there remains a substratum of facts sufficient to prove—

1. The continued existence of man after death.
2. The possibility of communication between the here and the beyond.

Now the Theosophists (of whom I am one) uphold the first proposition, and accept the latter, but interpret it in

a very different manner—admitting, but not encouraging, the phenomena of the séance room. Theosophy does not necessarily refer such phenomena, even when genuine, to the agency of "departed spirits." It offers a wider and far more complex explanation thereof than that of simple Spiritualism, and here occurs the parting of the ways between these two systems of occult research.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. H.

The "Best Novels."

SIR.—The terms of your "Twelve Best Novels" Competition, the result of which you announced last week, suggest what appears to be an unconscious unfairness. You asked for lists of the twelve best novels published this year, which would include books just issued, books upon which neither critics nor public had passed judgment. Thus Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Four Feathers," which appeared a week before your plébiscite list was published, received only seven votes, and Mr. Marion Crawford's "Cecilia" five. I might name other books which probably received no votes at all because they had not yet come into your readers' hands. I suggest that the better plan in future would be to include novels published up to within a month of your competition, or at any rate let the date of publication be set against the title of each book.—Yours, &c.,

NOVELIST.

An Opinion.

SIR.—I have just read "The Success of Mark Wyngate," which you class amongst your six most artistic novels of the year, and I confess I saw it in your list with amazement. Perhaps it is artistic, but it is certainly the most dull, uninteresting book that it has fallen to my lot to read for many a long day. It is supposed to be a novel, but it is a novel without a story, and, after all, who, save the critics, reads novels but for the sake of the story they are supposed to tell? The novelist who can tell a good story well, as I conceive it, is both artist and story-teller, but art without a story may the ACADEMY deliver us from! —Yours, &c.,

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

OTHER LETTERS SUMMARISED: These include a letter too long to print, criticising our article "What is Will?"; a communication from T. J. J. on the subject of our paragraph on James Hannay; an enquiry from Mr. T. Edwards Jones as to a curious misprint in the date on Plate I. of Messrs. Dent's issue of Blake's "Book of Job"; and a letter from Mr. Algernon Ashton bewailing the careless punctuation of the daily press.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 164 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best literary gossip paragraph on the lines of one which we quoted from "Punch." We award the prize to Mr. E. R. Noble, 29 Wellington Square, Oxford, for the following:—

The announcement that Mr. Kipling's object, in his publication of "Just-So Stories," was to provide himself with materials from which to produce the parodies which are now appearing in "Punch," the "Westminster Gazette," and other papers, must be qualified by the statement that Mr. Kipling, with his incomparable versatility, wrote the parodies first, and from them the "Just-So Stories." The success of this novel experiment is likely to produce, we understand, many imitators.

Rumour had it that Mr. Andrew Lang was about to publish a book, entitled "Inconsistencies of a Carp, or Everything Disentangled." The versatile author was said to be adopting the inspired though transparent pseudonym of "Merry Andrew." We have since been informed that this extraordinary report is entirely unfounded, such a subject as the title suggests being quite outside Mr. Lang's province in literature. [K. H. R., Edinburgh.]

15 November, 1902.

Those who have been privileged to read the MS. of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new book "The Turnip Field" speak of it in terms of enthusiastic praise. In deference to the representations of his friends, the talented author deals more in this work with human character and action than has hitherto been his custom. Even prior to the appearance of the hero and heroine in the thirty-ninth chapter, an old peasant is introduced who says "Thicky" several times. The story is rather long and will be divided into forty chapters.

[E. R. P., Manchester.]

On d't that Mr. Swinburne has been commissioned to write a panegyric of Zola, in French, for "Le Revue des deux Mondes." The poet has been convinced by a study of "Fécondité," that Zola was an accredited baby-slayer. It is untrue, however, that all allusions to Victor Hugo have been proscribed in the coming article. Au contraire, Mr. Swinburne will show that Hugo's children are anaemic wax-work, non-natural Jarleyan infantilities.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

The rumour widely circulated that Rudyard Kipling is writing an ode on the new gigantic G.N. locomotive No. 51432 is somewhat misleading. The boiler of the engine in question upon examination has been found defective, and in that condition cannot be treated poetically in a dignified manner. Until the boiler is replaced, there will be issued quarterly an ode specifically describing a constituent part and its functions. The first three will treat of: 1st, bogey and driving wheels; 2nd, fire-box; 3rd, tender and its contents.

[A. H., Birmingham.]

Some alarm has been created in literary circles by the rumour that Mr. Meredith contemplates stooping to the weakness of brief and definite statement. The report probably arose from a wrongly inserted stop in the eminent novelist's preface to Lady Duff Gordon's letters. The natural anxiety of Mr. Meredith's admirers may be allayed by an authoritative denial that any future work will be comprehended under at least three pérusals.

[E. P. M. D., Crediton.]

There is no truth in the rumour that Dr. Robertson Nicoll has discovered a printer's error in the second volume of Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature. We are informed on the best authority that he devoted the greater part of twenty minutes to the search, and thereafter telephoned his disappointment to Dr. Parker. Nor is it the case that the microscope which Dr. Nicoll employed has been returned to the optician.

[W. A. D., Edinburgh.]

Miss Corelli—in "An Open Letter to the English-speaking World"—announces that her forthcoming novel transcends in importance any book previously published. Its 1900 pages symbolise the years of the Christian Era, and the reputations and achievements of almost every notability during that period are searchingly investigated. There is, moreover, an absorbing love interest. By this romance Miss Corelli claims to justify the ways of God to men in a manner never before attempted.

[H. G. H., Ruswarp.]

We have it on unquestionable authority that the contract recently entered into by Mr. S. R. Crockett with his publishers, provides for the supply by him of at least one six shilling novel weekly, not daily as announced by "The Stoic."

We understand that the day of issue will be Saturday, and that the first volume of the series will be entitled "An Unstommed Flood."

[C. H. B., Gateshead.]

Competition No. 165 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best letter to an imaginary friend in the country, recommending a book (new or old) which has particularly amused the writer. Length not to exceed 150 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 19 November, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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T. FISHER UNWIN.

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By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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The Spectator says:—There are so many rich people, titled people, fashionable people, among the *dramatis personæ* of Mrs. Craigie's new story that a superficial reader might easily be tempted to class “Love and the Soul Hunters” in the category of the modern novel of “smart” society, against the tyranny of which we have had occasion more than once to protest in the last year. To do so, however, is entirely to misapprehend the significance of the book. For here, at any rate, is no vulgar and obsequious insistence on the luxury of modern life, no auctioneer's chronicle of sumptuous upholstery and expensive viands, no complaisant glorification of the entertainments and amusements of the modern millionaire, no lukewarm reprobation of the laxity of titled wantons. The upholstery and jewels and luxury are there, but they are not wearisomely insisted on; they are treated as accessories inevitable to the *milieu*, but still as accessories. For Mrs. Craigie's aim is to show us her rich and well-born and “smart” people, not merely eating and drinking and gambling, but thinking, planning, scheming, and suffering. She does not blink the materialism of high life and high finance, but she is careful, with a scrupulousness not too common in novelists, to reveal the intellectual, the emotional, the human, side of persons who are professionally not always actuated by disinterested or benevolent motives. Herein we are constantly reminded of Disraeli's novels, where, though the gorgeous upholstery was far more prominent, underneath all their trappings and finery the characters were primarily intelligences, not mere costume-plates. That, then, is the notable and vital difference between Mrs. Craigie and the scribes who worship at the shrine of “smartness.” She deals, it is true, mainly, if not entirely, with highly-placed persons, but she is chiefly interested in them in so far as they reveal qualities which cannot be taken for granted, or as in keeping with their antecedents, or with the traditional view of their position,—qualities, furthermore, which are almost invariably higher than might be looked for. Thus the book is full of surprises—and surprise is of the vital essence of recreation—as well as of a sort of fantastic optimism, which is at any rate quite as defensible as the fantastic pessimism of other writers. She shows us a modern Machiavelli utterly subjugated by his infatuation for a girl who is as good as she is beautiful; a Prince steeped in feudal traditions, but capable of being deeply interested in petroleum; an apparent adventuress of dubious parentage and strange associates, still young and bewitching, but with her heart buried in a lunatic asylum with an incurable religious maniac; an amazing American ex-dancer, who after ruthlessly cutting herself

free of all domestic ties, displays a positively chivalrous consideration for her daughter and husband. The characters, like those in Sheridan's plays, are nearly all too clever in speech; even those who are labelled stupid forget themselves at times and develop a gift of expression or an amount of intelligence out of keeping with their antecedents; but much may be forgiven to a writer who combines distinction of style with wit, and Mrs. Craigie possesses both.

On the surface “Love and the Soul Hunters” relates itself to the school of mock-Royal romance, the *beau rôle* being assigned to the son of an ex-King of an imaginary kingdom. But the theme works out on lines which recall neither Daudet's “Rois en Exil” nor Mr. Anthony Hope's excursions into Ruritania. Prince Paul is a *charmeur*, amiable, romantic, accomplished, and susceptible, quite reconciled to his exile so long as he can indulge his artistic tastes and flirt with pretty women. In Clementine Gloucester, the daughter of a well-born but invertebrate English gentleman, he meets for the first time a girl who appeals to his higher nature, and the love interest of the novel resolves itself into one more variation of the theme *μουσικὴν ἔρωτος διδάσκει*. Prince Paul is eminently a complex personality. To begin with, he is largely influenced by the feudal traditions which cause him to regard it as a great compliment that he should propose to Clementine a morganatic alliance on the clear understanding that it may, and probably will, be supplemented in his case by an official union. On the other hand, his adaptable and accommodating nature renders him all too ready to come to terms with a ring of cosmopolitan financiers and exploit his expectations at the sacrifice of his patriotism. And the situation is further complicated by the hold which his secretary, Dr. Felshammer, secures on Clementine by rescuing her father from the consequences of his folly. The incidents of the plot give the story the character of a tragi-comedy. It trembles on the verge of farce in the scenes in which Clementine's semi-imbecile father, her mother the ex-dancer (of whose existence she is unaware), and the American millionaire are engaged. It is strenuously romantic in the passages between Clementine and the sinister but infatuated secretary. But although one cannot admit a continuous correspondence with the facts of life—for one thing, Mrs. Craigie carries her disregard for the law of heredity rather too far—the sustained vivacity of the dialogue, the brilliancy of the commentary, and what we have called the fantastic optimism of the moral combine to render the book a most exhilarating entertainment.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

15 November, 1902.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Sinclair (Venerable William Macdonald), Words from St. Paul's (Second Series)	(Richards)	5/0
Lidgett (J. Scott), The Fatherhood of God	(Clarke)	8/0
Davidson (The late A. B.), The Called of God	(Clarke)	6/0
Jowett (J. H.), Thirsting for the Springs	(Allenson)	3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Smith (G. Gregory), Specimens of Middle Scots	(Blackwood)	net 7/6
Brown (George Dobbin), Syllabification and Accent in the <i>Paradise Lost</i>	(Murphy Co.)	5/0

Earle (Walter), Eyes Within	(Allen)	net 5/0
Gower (George Leveson), Poems	(Heinemann)	5/0

Bonnier (Charles), <i>La Signée des Poètes Français au XIX^e Siècle</i>	(Clarendon Press)	net 3/0
Newbolt (Henry), The Sailing of the Long-Ships and other Poems	(Murray)	net 2/6

Beale (Dorothea), Literary Studies of Poems, New and Old	(Bell)	4/0
Thompson (Henry Lambert), In the Bush Shade	(Thompson)	5/0

Tyrrell-Gill (Frances), selected and arranged by, Wit and Wisdom of Modern Women Writers	(Richards)	3/6
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A Mother and Daughter, Hand-in-Hand : Verses	(Matthews)	net 3/6
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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Ricci (Corrado), <i>Pintoricchio : His Life, Work and Time</i>	(Heinemann)	net 105/0
Bacon (Rev. J. M.), <i>The Dominion of the Air</i>	(Oxford)	6/0

Dobson (Austin), English Men of Letters : Samuel Richardson	(Macmillan)	net 2/6
Merejkowski (Demetre), <i>Tolstol as Man and Artist</i>	(Constable)	6/0

McCrady (Edward), <i>The History of South Carolina in the Revolution of 1788-1789</i>	(Macmillan)	net 15/0
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Vandana (Albert D.), translated by, <i>Social Germany in Luther's Time</i> , Being the Memoirs of Bartholomew Sastrow	(Constable)	net 7/6
Sessions (Harold), <i>Two Years with Remount Commissions</i>	(Chapman & Hall)	7/6

Tait (Mrs. W. J.), <i>An Officer's Letters to his Wife during the Crimean War</i>	(Stock)	6/0
Dawson (W. F.), <i>Christmas : Its Origin and Associations</i>	(Stock)	net 10/6

Taylor (I. A.), <i>The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	(Methuen)	3/6
Elwin (Whitwell), <i>Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters</i> , 2 Vols.		

(Murray) net 25/0		
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Smith (George), edited by, <i>Physician and Friend</i> —Alexander Grant, F.R.C.S.		
(Murray) net 10/6		

Bell (Mrs. Arthur), <i>Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church</i>	(Bell)	14/0
Stubbs (William), <i>Historical Introductions to the Rolls Series</i> (Longmans)	net 12/6	

Frunc-Brentano (Frantz), <i>Cagliostro and Company</i>	(Macqueen)	6/0
Wood (Walter), selected and arranged by, <i>The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington</i>	(Richards)	12/6

An Average Observer, <i>The Burden of Proof</i> ; or, <i>England's Debt to Sir Redvers Buller</i>	(Richards)	6/6
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Corkran (Henriette), <i>Celebrities and I</i>	(Hutchinson)	net 16/0
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Clayton (Joseph), <i>Father Dolling : A Memoir</i>	(Wells Gardner)	net 1/0
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SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Backhouse (T. W.), <i>Publications of West Hendon House Observatory, Sunderland, No. II.</i>	(Hills)	
Smith (Norman), <i>Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy</i>	(Macmillan)	net 5/0

Sully (James), <i>An Essay on Laughter</i>	(Longmans)	net 12/6
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Miers (Henry A.), <i>Mineralogy</i>	(Macmillan)	net 25/0
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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Brabant (F. G.), <i>The English Lakes</i>	(Methuen)	4/0
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EDUCATIONAL.

Bain (Charles Wesley), edited by, <i>The Poems of Ovid</i> (Latin Series)	(Macmillan)	6/0
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A Quarterly Reviewer, <i>Aspects of the Jewish Question</i>	(")	net 2/6
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Burton (Deaconess Maria S. B.), <i>Happy Days and Happy Work in Basutoland</i>	(S.P.C.K.)	0/6
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"The Dawn of Day" Volume for 1902	(")	1/0
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Neil (C. Lang), <i>The Modern Conjurer</i>	(Pearson)	6/0
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Folly's Quest	(Richards)	5/0
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Index to Periodicals of 1901	(Review of Reviews)	net 15/0
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Adams (Estelle Davenport), <i>Collected and arranged by, This Life and the Next</i>	(Richards)	5/0
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Oliver (Edwin), <i>A.B.C. of Solo-Whist</i>	(Drame)	1/0
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Mahan (Captain A. T.), <i>Retrospect and Prospect</i>	(Low)	8/6
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Who Shall Command the Heart	(Sonnenschein)	net 2/6
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We have also received 48 volumes of Juvenile books, and 20 of New Editions.

"The Religion of Plutarch" by John Oakesmith, mentioned in our last issue as published by Mr. Brumley Johnson, is published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

"The Complete Works of John Lyly," edited by Mr. R. Warwick Bond, M.A., will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press. To the man in the street the name "Lyly" spells "euphemism," and euphemism spells—if anything at all—archaic aphorisms aiming at the concealment of reality. As a matter of fact, however, Lyly in England, like Rabelais in France, was a veritable giant in erudition. It is claimed that Shakespeare himself assimilated much of the learning of this great man—a claim

which will prove rather disconcerting to the heroic followers of Mrs. Gallup. All past scholarship in connection with Lyly comes from the Continent, and the present English work is part of a general undertaking to bring out Elizabethan classics, treated as classics.

Another publication from the same house is a reprint of "Manchester al Mondo." This edition is an exact reprint from the fourth impression, that of 1638–1639, which was the last edition published in the Earl of Manchester's lifetime. The only edition printed since the seventeenth century was a diminutive one edited by Mr. J. S. Bayley in 1880, the text of which is incorporated in another book.

"On the Heels of De Wet" which has been running all the year in "Blackwoods," will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Blackwood. The book has no purpose, and preaches no moral, but is a result of the personal experience of its author, "An Intelligence Officer."

A rather different publication of the same house is Mr. Edward Hutton's "Italy and the Italians" which is forthcoming about the 28th of this month. Following the method of Mr. D. S. Meldrum in "Holland and the Hollanders," and Mr. Cyril Scudamore in "Belgium and the Belgians" Mr. Hutton has aimed at producing a work of art rather than an Italian guide book. These books form part of a series dealing with foreign countries, a series in which the personality of each author is to find distinct expression: a rather happy departure from the merciless objectivity of so many English publications of this *genre*.

A volume by Miss Agnes Grace Weld, to be issued next week by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, entitled "Glimpses of Tennyson and of some of his Friends," promises to have some real interest. Miss Weld is a niece of the late Lady Tennyson, and for many years was in close personal touch with Lord Tennyson. The volume is to contain four portraits and a reproduction of a MS. poem.

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